Saturday Review

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by Isaac Asimov

June 28, 1975

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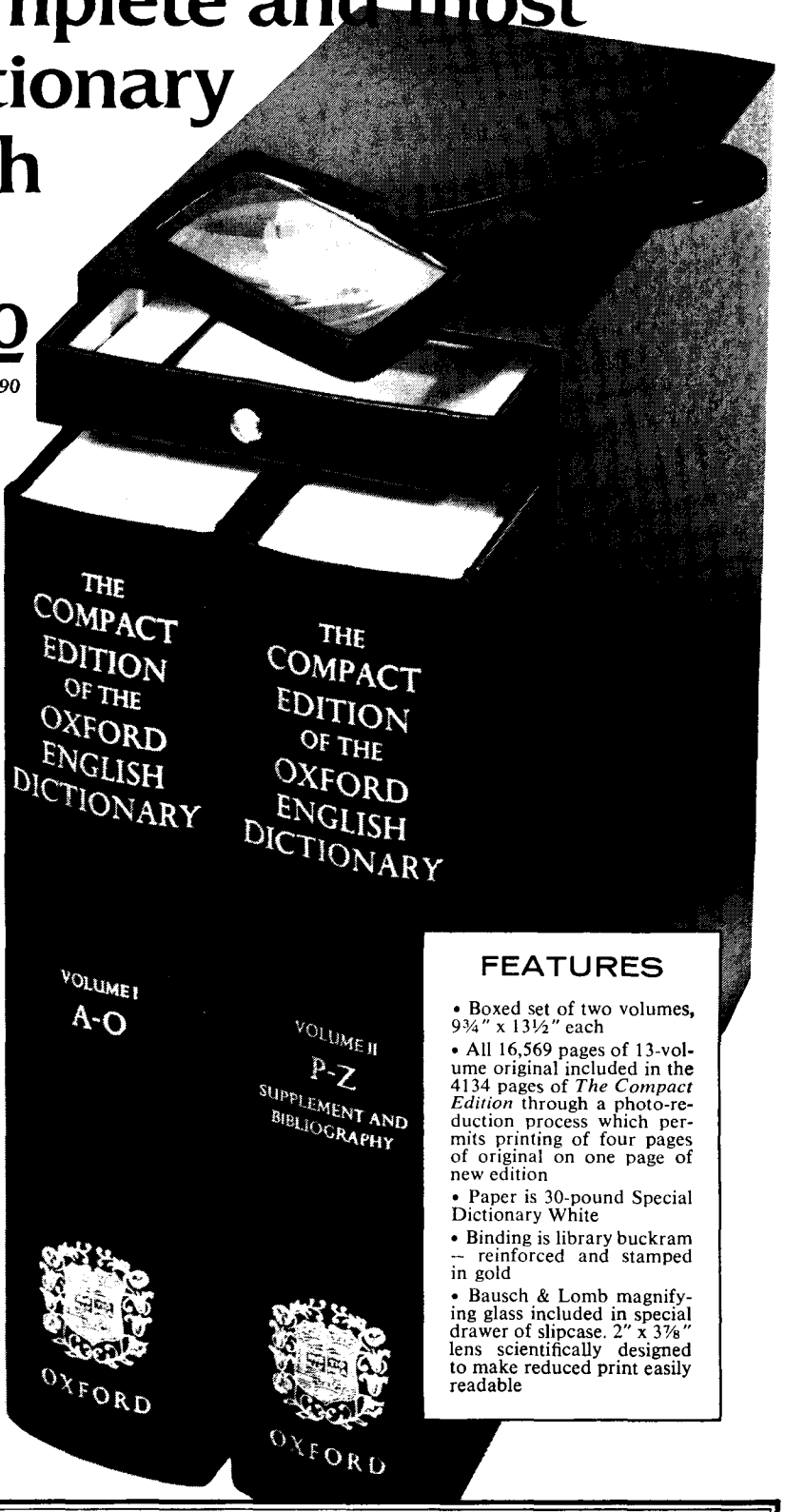

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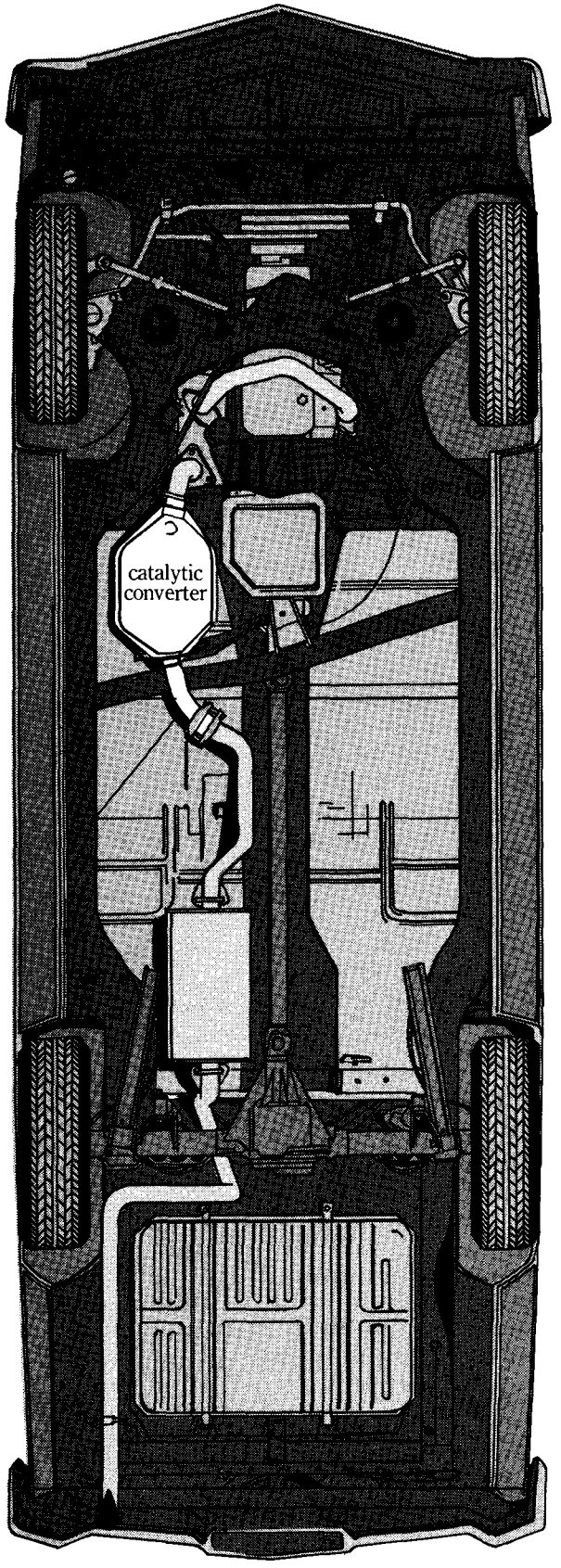

Primarily because of the catalytic converter, gas mileage on GM cars has been increased by 28% on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA figures.

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Foreign Policy Without Dead Ends

The editor of the Saturday Review *was invited recently to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in its hearings on new directions for U.S. foreign policy. The following editorial is drawn from that text.*

United States foreign policy has been shaped by at least five unworkable assumptions since the end of the Second World War.

The first assumption was that the United States could be a policeman for the world. We need look no farther than Vietnam for a dramatic illustration of the fallacy of that theory. The attempt of the United States to undertake what it has described as "police actions" has been carried out at an unacceptable cost to the American people.

The second assumption was that the United States could achieve security by maintaining a world balance of power. This theory has had a long tradition in Europe and elsewhere, but it has become obsolete in the modern world. Whatever its merits in the past, it tends to lose workability in direct ratio to the distance from the center. No nation has the capacity—and this applies as much to the Soviet Union as to the United States—to undertake and maintain political and military commitments on a world scale.

The attempt to build regional alliances in Europe and Asia is a specific manifestation of the balance-of-power theory. To the extent that we have recognized the need to upgrade the economic condition of our allies, we have scored some successes. The Marshall Plan, for example, provided Europe with an initial impetus in the direction of an economic community. Since then, the growing economic interrelationship of the European states has been a positive factor in any inventory of hopes for world peace. A new spirit of economic partnership between France and Germany has finally laid to rest the historic antagonism that played a major part in the eruption of two world wars. The lesson here is that sound economic relations tend to create sound political relations.

By contrast, the aspirations of the United States have fallen short on the level of national security and balance of power. President Ford has declared that the United States has made an irreversible commitment to NATO. Yet NATO itself lacks cohesion. NATO was originally designed to protect the individual European nations against Soviet aggression. Yet NATO has been unable to prevent aggression by its own members—as in the case of Turkey against Cyprus. Moreover, the attitudes within NATO are mixed, to say the least. France is drawing away. Portugal's involvement meets with little enthusiasm from the other members. Spain would like to join, but the prospect is uncertain.

In any case, NATO has had little to offer the United States at times of its own critical need. NATO did not spring into action on the side of the United States during two major Berlin crises, nor did it give the U.S. physical or moral support during the Cuban crisis.

It might be said that such manifestations of European independence speak well for the future of Europe. This is true enough, but the European nations do not see themselves in the same balance-of-power terms that led the U.S. to propose NATO in the first place.

In Asia, the attempt of the United States to fill the power vacuum in Indochina after the departure of the French 20 years ago led in a straight line to the gravest disasters in the history of U.S. foreign policy. The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, like NATO, never became the operational reality envisioned by its American founders. Not only did the SEATO nations as a whole remain resolutely aloof from the Vietnam war, but public opinion in those countries was strongly opposed to the United States. The historical verdict with respect to both NATO and SEATO may be that our expectations were far higher than the prospects warranted.

The third assumption was that we could find security by staying ahead in the arms race. Ten years ago the United States and the Soviet Union passed the point at which they could annihilate one another. The combination of thermonuclear weapons and the versatility of new delivery systems adds up to the greatest destructive force in history, but there has been no corresponding increase in security for either party. Indeed, there is actually less security in view of all the possibilities of accident and miscalculation that could come into play at times of crisis. Retaliatory power as a deterrent to surprise attack works only when one is dealing with enemies who are rationally impressed with such a capability. Far from representing a restraining factor, saturation supplies of atomic weapons set a stage for irrational decision and action. In any event, security is no longer proportionate to power in the modern world. Stockpiling additional power is not likely to be more meaningful than filling the kitchen, the living room, and all the bedrooms after the woodshed and barn are overflowing with firewood.

Moreover, the theory of safety through

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reciprocal terror between the major nations is refuted by the rapid spread of fissionable materials throughout the world. Scientific and technological means for processing these fissionable materials for explosives are no longer matters of great mystery. There is now a real danger of nuclear blackmail by governments that fall into the hands of men who may confuse the need to be decisive with the reckless use of power.

From the beginning of the nuclear age, it has been clear that true security for the United States, or for any other nation, depends on the control of force rather than on the pursuit of force or the accumulation of force. But adequate controls have yet to be established. Most dangerous of all to the American people is the myth that atomic supremacy is somehow an assurance of security.

MEANWHILE, the connection between a widening arms race and the worsening of the American economy is becoming more pronounced. It is impossible to spend almost $300 billion in a decade for military purposes—a substantial part of it outside the United States—without creating a powerful momentum for inflation. The shortages created by spending of this magnitude, to say nothing of the outflow of dollars for maintaining military establishments in many parts of the world, contribute mightily to the erosion of the currency. Whatever other measures may be taken to combat inflation, it is doubtful that any fundamental reversal in the cheapening of the dollar will come about unless a genuine basis for national security is achieved that makes it unnecessary to spend on the order of $100 billion this year for military purposes.

The fourth assumption was that the widespread distribution of armaments by the United States could be carried out without penalty to the U.S. and without increasing the danger of war. The experiences of the Twenties and Thirties convinced the American people of the grave hazards involved in arms traffic. During the past quarter-century, however, the U.S. government has become increasingly promiscuous about the sale of weapons. At present, the U.S. has its arms salesmen traveling around the world, attempting to find as many buyers as possible. The purpose is simply to build up revenue. The connection between the growing availability of weapons and the temptation to use them in tense situations is glossed over by U.S. policy-makers.

The fifth assumption in our foreign-policy strategy was that we needed an undercover organization to compete with Soviet secret police on the level of plot-and-counterplot. The general theory was that covert activities were an inexpensive way of fighting a war. This theory has been demolished in Indochina.

The American people have had to pay a very high price for the abortive coup against Souvanna Phouma in Laos during the winter of 1959–60. They have had to pay an even higher price for the overthrow of the Sihanouk government in Cambodia in 1970. And the highest price of all we have had to pay has been in Vietnam. The original decision to call off the nationwide elections required in the Geneva Treaty of 1954 led to other costly decisions. The assassination of President Diem and our support for successive governments that lacked popular consensus are not unrelated to the eventual loss of 56,000 American lives, to say nothing of our final humiliation in the ultimate disaster.

In any event, subversive activities carried out by an American agency against other governments are probably unconstitutional. The traditional position of the United States has been to advance the principle of self-determination in the world. We subvert our own traditions when we act against that principle.

HAVING GONE through these unworkable assumptions in our quest for security, we may have arrived at a point where we should pursue the possibilities of peace through world order.

The United Nations has never been a serious factor in the foreign policy of any of the major nations, the United States and Soviet Union included. There is a tendency to regard it as a necessary evil or to use it only when everything else has failed, as in the case of the Middle East. But the notion of world order must be accepted as the central objective in the foreign policy of the great nations.

Why world order? No other approach is likely to be effective at a time when the principal problems of the world are beyond the reach of any nation to solve by or for itself. The arms race, world environmental deterioration, overcrowding, famine, depletion of resources, the struggle for control of the wealth of the seabed—all these are problems that call for a world response. Since the problems are interconnected, the world agencies that deal with them must be part of an organic whole.

The obligations of individual nations will have to be carefully defined. In general, world order requires codification of standards, monitoring facilities, an enforcement mechanism, and due process. This sequence applies equally to the common security function, the environmental function, the fertilizer-and-food function, the resources function, the seabed function.

The ability of the United Nations to carry out the principal purpose assigned to it in the Preamble to the Charter of the United Nations—namely, preventing the scourge of war—is severely limited. At some point soon it is going to be necessary to reconsider the nature of the U.N. as well as the obligations of the individual nations to it.

WHEN THAT RECONSIDERATION takes place, two main theories about the U.N. will be debated.

One theory is that the U.N. must be a reflection of the world as it is; that is, it can only act as a mirror to the existing realities. This theory is the one that has governed the affairs of the U.N. since it was founded.

The second theory is that the U.N. has to transcend the limitations of its members, which is to say, it must have effective jurisdiction in matters concerned with common dangers and common needs.

It is this second theory that needs to be explored and developed. In short, a new effort must be made in the direction of workable world order. The aim must be effective governance in the world arena. The essential parts are peace-making, peace-keeping, economic and social development, protection of the natural environment and of the earth's resources.

The integration of the World Court into the U.N. is an essential feature of a fully functioning world order in which every nation would have the right to preside over its own institutions and to maintain sovereignty in domestic matters. The world organization must command essential authority in matters where the national interest and human interest come into conflict.

In the absence of an institutionalized peace, the prospect is world anarchy. We live at a time when national governments, in their dealings with one another, have to be governed themselves in the interests of human survival. The closer the United States, in its own foreign policy, can come to advancing this concept, the closer we will come to defining a genuine basis for world security. N.C.

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Guest Editorial

The Lost Art of Conversation

What has happened to the art of conversation? By *conversation* I am not thinking merely of word exchanges between individuals. I am thinking of one of the highest manifestations of the use of human intelligence—the ability to transform abstractions into language; the ability to convey images from one mind to another; the ability to build a mutual edifice of ideas. In short, the ability to engage in a civilizing experience.

When the word *art* is applied to conversation, one conjures up an image of Dr. Johnson uttering words of wisdom, with a devoted Boswell taking them all down on paper. Boswell quoted Mrs. Thrale as having remarked about Johnson that his "conversation was much too strong for a person accustomed to obsequiousness and flattery; it was mustard in a young child's mouth."

But where does one find good conversation these days? Certainly not in the presence of the television set, which consumes half of the average American's non-sleeping, non-working hours. Much of the remaining free time is given to games. No matter how rewarding "bridge talk" may be, it is not conversation. Neither is chatter.

What makes good conversation? In the first place, it is essentially a mutual search for the essence of things. It is a zestful transaction, not a briefing or a lecture. Pushkin correctly identified the willingness to listen as one of the vital ingredients of any exchange. When two people are talking at the same time, the result is not conversation but a collision of decibels.

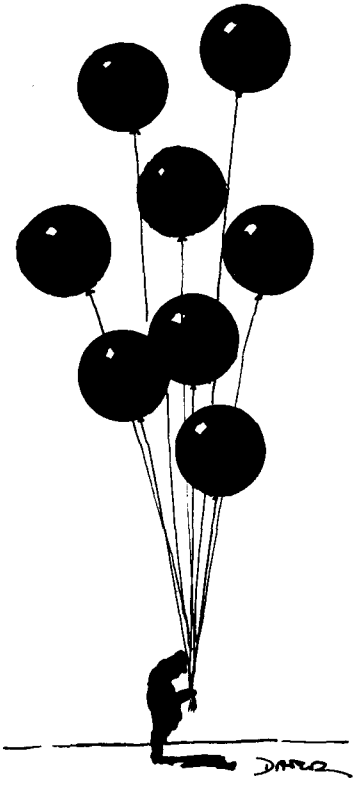
Nothing is more destructive of good talk than for one participant to hold the ball too long, like an over-zealous basketball dribbler playing to the gallery and keeping it away from everyone else. Pity the husband or wife with a garrulous mate who insists on talking long past the point where he or she has anything to say.

To be meaningful, a conversation should head in a general direction. It need not be artfully plotted to arrive at a predetermined point, but it should be gracefully kept on course—guided by many unforeseen ideas.

It has been said that if speech is silver, silence is golden. Certainly silence is preferable, under most circumstances, to inconsequential chitchat. Why is it then that so many people, when they are with others, are discomfited by the absence of human sound waves? Why are they not willing merely to sit with each other, silently enjoying the unheard but real linkages of congeniality and understanding? Why aren't people content to contemplate a lovely scene or read together in silence? "Made conversation" should not be a necessity among intimates. They know whether the weather is good or bad; both are as well or poorly informed about current events. If there is nothing to say—don't say it.

It is true that strangers meeting for the first time seem to feel uncomfortable if they do not engage in small talk to relieve their mutual awkwardness. This is the scourge of the cocktail party, but it is necessary if strangers are to size each other up. Usually, however, this is harmless. In desperation one seeks an artificial gambit. I remember one from an English girl: "Oh, I say, are you frightfully keen on cats and dogs?" Unfortunately, I wasn't.

There is a disease shared by many, particularly with new acquaintances, that leads to "dropping names" or "colleges." This is often a useful device, since a common friend or university experience can be a helpful point of departure for conversation leading to better understanding. It is, however, more often woefully abused as a means of showing off. The references are usually to the influential rather than to one's less distinguished friends: "Of course I know Ina Gottrocks. She is a very dear friend. Such a nice person [actually an awful bore]. We had lunch only yesterday [on an airplane, sitting in different class sections]." One is less inclined to refer to one's alma mater if it is Oshkosh U.



Genealogical topics should also be avoided. The danger of boring one's conversation partner and of becoming self-serving is far too great. In the first place, others don't really care about your ancestors. They know, as you should, that everyone has quite a variety ranging all the way from bums to princes. If one goes back eight generations, one has 256 forebears. How easy to pick out the one who glitters most as your claim to fame. Even the one who gave you your name is still only one in 256.

Cocktail-party necessities aside, however, some elementary rules for conversation are well worth our consideration. In the first place, certain subjects should be taboo in any general conversation. Kitchen topics—the best cleansers, recipes, and troubles with servants—should certainly be limited to interested women. Straight man-talk, such as business, golf, and hunting exploits, may be permissible in board or locker rooms but should be taboo in general discussion, along with bus schedules and all other dull or specialized things. One does not mention precise figures descriptive of one's wealth or income—not even an artful "The deal netted me something in six figures." The first digit was probably 1.

People even forget, I'm afraid, that their illnesses and operations should be outlawed as conversational topics. Only if some relative asks you on a need-to-know basis, or a doctor is interested from a professional standpoint, should you ever volunteer anything about your ailments. Everyone understands this; yet it never seems to apply to you. Remember, even if it's the most dramatic operation ever performed, it is not something to be offered gratuitously to friends at conversation time. They really don't want to hear about it.

There is also the conversationalist who must under every circumstance be right—who always has to win the game. There are those of us who want to moralize. There is the intruder into emotional

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subjects like religion or personalities, the malicious gossip. All should be inadmissible by any rules of good conversation. Vulgar words, even the four-letter words, can sometimes be effective—as in the English use of *bloody*. More often, however, they are in bad taste—particularly when they conjure up a revolting image at mealtime. Shouldn't there be some law against sonic pollution?

An intriguing conversational gambit was disclosed by H. Allen Smith, which could, if you got by with it, amaze your dinner partners. In preparation he boned up on traditional Chinese uses of funereal jade in the body orifices. It is best to choose a subject that would appear alien to your normal interests. A lawyer, after consulting the art histories, might break into the Pre-Raphaelite painters. A hostess at a country weekend might try: "Yes, the country is lovely here. The lower Catoctin greensand, Upper Jurassic, you know, underlies much of the Austin chalk of the valley." Stephen Potter's books on gamesmanship and one-upmanship are of course treasure-houses of this sort of off-putting play.

IF CONVERSATION need not always be purposeful, it must at least be for pleasure. It should be congenial to good society—to better knowing one's conversation partner. Above all, it should be joyful and amiable, for as Addison put it: "Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty." I do not object to enforced conversation—say, by the hostess who interrupts an after-dinner group with, "Come, we must all hear John tell us about his trip to Africa." I am less tolerant, however, of those who would arbitrarily stop a good conversation which has exciting possibilities with a flat "Come, now, let's stop all this serious talk." A good conversation is a fragile thing that must be nurtured carefully.

And, finally, I want to encourage the pixie of the conversation who can add zest and interest. Our talk too often reflects the dull things we do all day. Conversation does not always have to be in earnest. Provocation, whimsy, laughter, mockery, and flirtation all have their place in the art of good conversation, of which it has been said, "Be prompt without being stubborn, refute without argument, clothe weighty matters in a motley garb."

GEORGE C. MCGHEE

Letters From Readers

A Wave of Nostalgia

I found the World Literary Survey very stimulating, but I also found myself in some disagreement with John Walker ("Report From Great Britain," April 19). Perhaps he is correct in stating that books published in England seem to have a nostalgic tinge; that is equally true of this country. . . .

Television programs, both in this country and in England, have a deep and lasting effect on books and reading. It is no wonder that they are beginning to dictate our reading matter. The truth is that all over the world, this new medium is beginning to make great inroads on public taste—and not at all for betterment. Britain, to a greater extent than many other countries, looks back at her glorious past and continually reflects on her past world leadership. It is not an easy path to tread. I wonder how the United States would react after the downfall of world leadership. . . . There is enough published of a nostalgic trend anyway. . . .

Edda Wolfe
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Excerpts Requested

When my *Saturday Review* arrived, I put all else aside and prepared for a feast—the articles about Edmund Wilson. Alas, the feast turned out to be less than a morsel. Mr. Matthews's article ("Edmund Wilson: An American Original," May 17) presented no support whatsoever for the statement that "Wilson was the foremost American man of letters of the twentieth century." Mr. Matthews could have, in the space provided, presented us with some delectable tidbits of Wilson's literary criticism so that we could accept the positioning of Mr. Wilson between Sainte-Beuve and Dr. Johnson. I agree with this position; I'm just disappointed that Mr. Matthews didn't provide the substance to support it. . . .

Leonard Franco
Pomona, Calif.

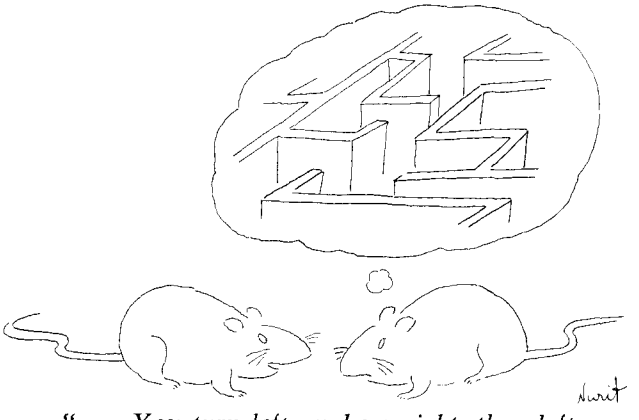
Facts on Fishing

I should like to correct some points made by Philip W. Quigg (*World Environment Newsletter*, March 22).

U.S. fishermen are not "depleting tuna stocks off the coasts of Ecuador and Peru." The U.S. fishery for yellowfin tuna in this area is conducted under the treaty provisions of the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission, which strictly regulates the amount of yellowfin that may be caught in accordance with ongoing fisheries' biology and management analyses. Although there are problems with regard to territorial claims, the fishery itself is widely regarded as one of the world's most efficiently managed for maximum yield without damage to, or depletion of, the populations fished.

Mr. Quigg also indicates that "bottom trawling on our continental shelf has been prohibited." That is not the case. What happened is that the United States notified nations fishing off our shores that on December 5, 1974, we would begin to enforce strictly the U.S. laws prohibit-

(Continued on page 64.)



". . . You turn left, make a right, then left and left again, then go right, left, right . . ."

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World Progress Report

No More Pox?

This year the U.N. World Health Organization (WHO) is preparing to celebrate one of the signal victories in man's fight against epidemic disease: the virtual disappearance of smallpox. By last December there were only 1,400 cases reported worldwide, compared with 12,000 just the year before. Eight years ago WHO was tracking the disease in 30 countries, while in the United States alone just half a century ago smallpox still afflicted tens of thousands every year and killed hundreds.

Even earlier in human history—before the development of effective vaccines, even before it was understood that the disease is transmitted through human contact—smallpox was one of the world's most dreaded plagues, killing and disfiguring millions in pandemic explosions that swept over whole continents. But modern public-health measures, using inoculation as the major weapon, have tightened the line of defense around the disease, until the virus seems to be confined to Pakistan, India, Ethiopia, and Bangladesh. The plague-watchers at WHO are hopeful that these last few cases can be eliminated this year; if so, the smallpox virus will be left without a human host, and the disease will be erased once and for all from human history.

Grain Gain

While rice feeds billions of people, it also keeps billions of people busy. Traditional rice farming is a picturesque and never-ending travail, with armies of barefoot peasants wading through paddies to hand-tend each individual plant. In Japan, however, it is proving difficult to keep the farmhands down on the farm now that they've seen the big cities, which offer easier jobs and beckon with glamour. The result is an acute shortage of agricultural labor in a country short on land and long on people.

To make up for the shortage of human hands, engineers at the semi-governmental Japanese Institute of Agricultural Machinery have developed an untiring paddy-straddling machine. It promises to farm rice night and day with the aid of a single human operator, polishing off in a mere 16 hours the 300 man-hours of grueling work required for harvesting a single hectare of rice.

The business end of the machine is a carriage that works back and forth over the rice on a 20-meter "bridge," armed with implements for planting, weeding, harvesting, or threshing. The bridge itself rolls on electric-powered wheels on the concrete levees along the paddy.

The institute's rice machine is undergoing its first field trials this summer in a half-acre paddy. In mass production its cost is expected to be almost $20,000, which will make it practical for farms larger than 17 acres. Already, the machine is attracting interest from other labor-short agricultural countries. Australia has plans for enlarging and adapting the design to its sugar-cane fields.

Smooth Sailing

Ever since man began going down to the sea in ships, naval architects have tried to minimize the frictional "drag" that slows a vessel's passage through water, by increasingly exquisite refinements in the shape of the hull. Recently, however, Danish chemists have taken a different tack: instead of streamlining the hull, they have made it smoother. Their new product, made by Hempels Marine Paints of Copenhagen, under the trade name Hydron Dynamic, is claimed to improve ship performance by as much as 4 percent.

Sprayed on in a thin coating, the new acrylic resin actually absorbs water. When submerged, it swells to smooth out the roughness of the underlying paint that produces friction. At the same time, the acrylic coating protects the ship's anti-fouling paint and retards the growth of marine organisms, which also increase friction.

According to Hempels's technical director, the seemingly minor improvement in performance offered by the new coating translates into a significant increase in efficiency and profits. For example, a mere 3 percent increase in the performance of a typical 250,000-ton tanker may mean a saving of as much as $26,000 per year in fuel costs, while an increase of just 1 percent in operating speed could add three days per year to the tanker's working life.

Open School Day

In a further extension of the new frontier of students' rights, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has ruled that students and former students—as well as their parents—have the right to see most of the traditionally secret personal information kept in school files. Students and parents can now, as well, obtain copies of these records, which formerly have been released only at the discretion of school authorities to other schools, prospective employers, and government agencies.

The new regulation applies not only to public institutions but also to private schools that receive any government aid. However, in announcing the policy of open access, the department also warned parents and students that possession of the information in their school dossiers might invite "undesirable pressure from third parties to turn over their entire records to make admission, employment, credit-rating, or other decisions." Once the students and parents possess the dossiers, the department said, it could not protect them against intrusions.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"As if the paper shortage isn't bad enough, now there's an ink shortage."

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Throwing Down the Gauntlet

by Richard C. Longworth

Algiers

In the past the West has treated the demands of the underdeveloped nations with a sort of baffled rejection. Apart from the natural reluctance of haves everywhere to share with have-nots, most Americans and Europeans objected to Third World rhetoric about "imperialists" and "neo-colonialists." Finally, there was honest confusion over what the poorest nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America really wanted. Often, it seemed, these countries did not know themselves what they wanted. In this situation the problem was left to some aid here, a few Peace Corps volunteers there, and lots of ITT and Union Minière everywhere.

This notion no longer sells in Peoria, Pakistan, or Peru. For one thing, it simply has not worked: the poor are getting poorer, and there are more of them. Coca-Cola, which they have, is no substitute for meat, which they haven't. Second, the underdeveloped world, in conclaves like the one held recently near this steamy Algerian capital, has written a coherent, if controversial, program of development that has nothing to do with the Peace Corps. Most important, it has flung this program at the West with the air of a salesman who, at long last, has got his foot in the door.

For the underdeveloped nations are suddenly fashionable. The world's conscience progresses by fits and fads, exercised one day by American blacks, prodded the next by Soviet Jews. Most of these causes fade in time into Unresolved Problems. The underdeveloped nations have the world's ear now and are determined to create—in the words of their resolutions—"a new international economic order."

Special breaks and benefits for the poorer nations have been promised—but not yet delivered—in venues as different as the International Monetary Fund, the U.N. Law of the Sea Conference, and the Geneva talks concerning world trade reforms. Their problems and platforms will come to a focus at a special session of the U.N. General Assembly dealing with economic issues, to be held in September.

It was to coordinate these dreams and demands that ministers from 62 underdeveloped nations met beside the Mediterranean near here in a Moorish-modern conference hall known locally as "the flying saucer" because of its great blue-and-white dome. For four days the ministers drew up a "declaration of plan and action on industrial development and cooperation," to be placed before the West at yet another U.N. conference in Peru (more later about the results of this conference). Although all the ministers came from undeveloped or developing lands, they represented countries as rich as oil-soaked Abu Dhabi and as poor as Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Mali, and Bolivia.

The target was simple enough—and pathetic. The ministers, whose nations encompass 70 percent of the world's population, set as their maximum demand a 25 percent share of world industrial output by the year 2000, a full generation away. A modest enough goal, certainly—except that their share now is only 6.9 percent. Twenty years ago it was 6.2 percent; at that rate of progress, the 25 percent share will be achieved by the year 2490.

Ibrahim Abdel-Rahman, former head of the U.N. Industrial Development Organization (UNIDO), told the meeting that the average Westerner produces and consumes 40 times as much as the average citizen of the poor nations. If all the Third World's dreams come true, he said, this disparity will still be 15 to 1 by the end of the century. "This is not inequality," he said. "It is almost complete subordination to the technological power of the advanced countries."

The Algerian locale was fitting. This country is both desperately underdeveloped, with crushing illiteracy and unemployment, and one of the *nouveau-riche* oil nations. As a bridge between the two groups of nations, it has become a political power in both camps. Its position symbolizes the fact that the OPEC nations, through their raids on Western exchequers, have generated much of the momentum behind the Third World's new confidence and cohesion. Those who argue that oil price increases hurt poor nations more than rich ones speak the truth but miss the point—that the Arab success in sticking it to the West has produced tremendous pride among non-white people everywhere. "Now," said Algerian President Houari Boumedienne, "we can impose the rules of the game." The West fears more OPECs, with united Third World nations leapfrogging the prices of other raw materials, and the ministers here know it.

What, then, did these nations want, for themselves and from us?

First, they said that they are tired of shipping their copper, bauxite, coffee, cotton, and other raw materials to the West at low prices, to be refined, manufactured, packaged, and sold at high prices. They want to do this processing themselves. One suggestion was that the West phase out marginal processing industries such as textiles, letting the Third World take over this role.

Second, the underdeveloped nations want controls on multinational firms. These huge companies, frequently American-owned, are often the only engines for development in the Third World but can do more harm than good to the countries where they operate. Such companies, they feel, should be regulated, both by the West and the Third World, so that they will be kept from undermining raw-materials markets with synthetics, from evading taxes on excess profits, from repatriating these profits back to the United States instead of reinvesting them in the poor nations, from using their global position to play one poor nation off against another.

Third, they want a "transfer of technology." This means aid for poor nations to set up modern industries—technology enabling them to compete in world markets and trade advantages for counteracting their backwardness through guaranteed access to Western

(Continued on page 54.)

Richard C. Longworth is European diplomatic correspondent for United Press International.

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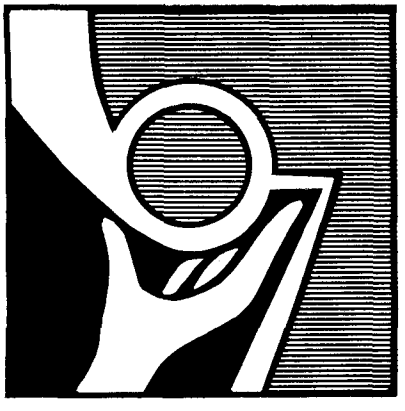

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Colonizing the Heavens

Orbiting man-made worlds is no longer a science-fiction scenario. New lands in space are not only plausible, but, as a solution to the population pileup, perhaps inevitable.

by Isaac Asimov

The population bomb ticks on steadily . . .

We are 4 billion now, in 1975. Barring catastrophes, we shall be 5 billion in 1986 and 6 billion in 1995 and 7 billion in 2002 and 8 billion in . . . What do we do with all of ourselves when already, with our puny 4 billion, we find that the effort to feed and power the population is destroying the planet that feeds and powers us? We must reduce the birthrate and lower the population, but that will take time. What do we do meanwhile?

One answer is that we do as we have done before. We must take up the trek again and move on to new lands. Since there are no new lands on earth worth the taking, we must move to new worlds and colonize the heavens.

No, not the moon. Prof. Gerard O'Neill of the physics department of Princeton University suggests two other places to begin with—places as far from earth as the moon is, but not the moon. Imagine the moon at zenith, exactly overhead. Trace a line due eastward from the moon down to the horizon. Two-thirds of the way along that line, one-third of the way up from the horizon, is one of those places. Trace another line westward from the moon down to the horizon. Two-thirds of the way along that line, one-third of the way up from the horizon, is another of those places.

Put an object in either place, and it will form an equilateral triangle with the moon and earth. It is 237,000 miles from earth to the moon. It is also 237,000 miles from earth to that place, and from the moon to that place.

What is so special about those places? Back in 1772 the astronomer Joseph Louis Lagrange showed that in those places any object remained stationary with respect to the moon. As the moon moved about the earth, any object in either of those places would also move about the earth in such a way as to keep perfect step with the moon. The competing gravities of earth and the moon would keep it where it was. If anything happened to push it out of place, it would promptly move back, wobbling back and forth a bit ("librating") as it did so. The two places ideally are merely points in space and are called "Lagrangian points," or "libration points."

Lagrange discovered five such points altogether, but three of them are of no importance because they don't represent stable conditions. An object in those three points, once pushed out of place, would continue to drift outward and would never return. The two points in which an object remains stable are called "L4" and "L5." L4 is the one that lies toward the eastern horizon, and L5 the one that lies toward the western.

Professor O'Neill wants to take advantage of that gravitational lock and suggests the building of space colonies there, colonies that would become permanent parts of the earth-moon system. He envisions long cylinders designed to hold human beings plus a complex life-support system, facilities for growing food, maintaining atmospheres, recycling wastes, and so on.

SUCH CONCEPTS have been used in science fiction. The most memorable example is Robert A. Heinlein's story "Universe," published in 1941, in which a large ship, supporting thousands of people through indefinite numbers of generations, is making its slow way to the stars. The men aboard have forgotten the original purpose of the voyage and consider the ship to be the entire universe (hence the title). A lineal descendant of the story, translated to television, was

Isaac Asimov's collection of science essays, Science Past—Science Future, *will be published shortly by Doubleday. It will be his one hundred sixty-third published book.*

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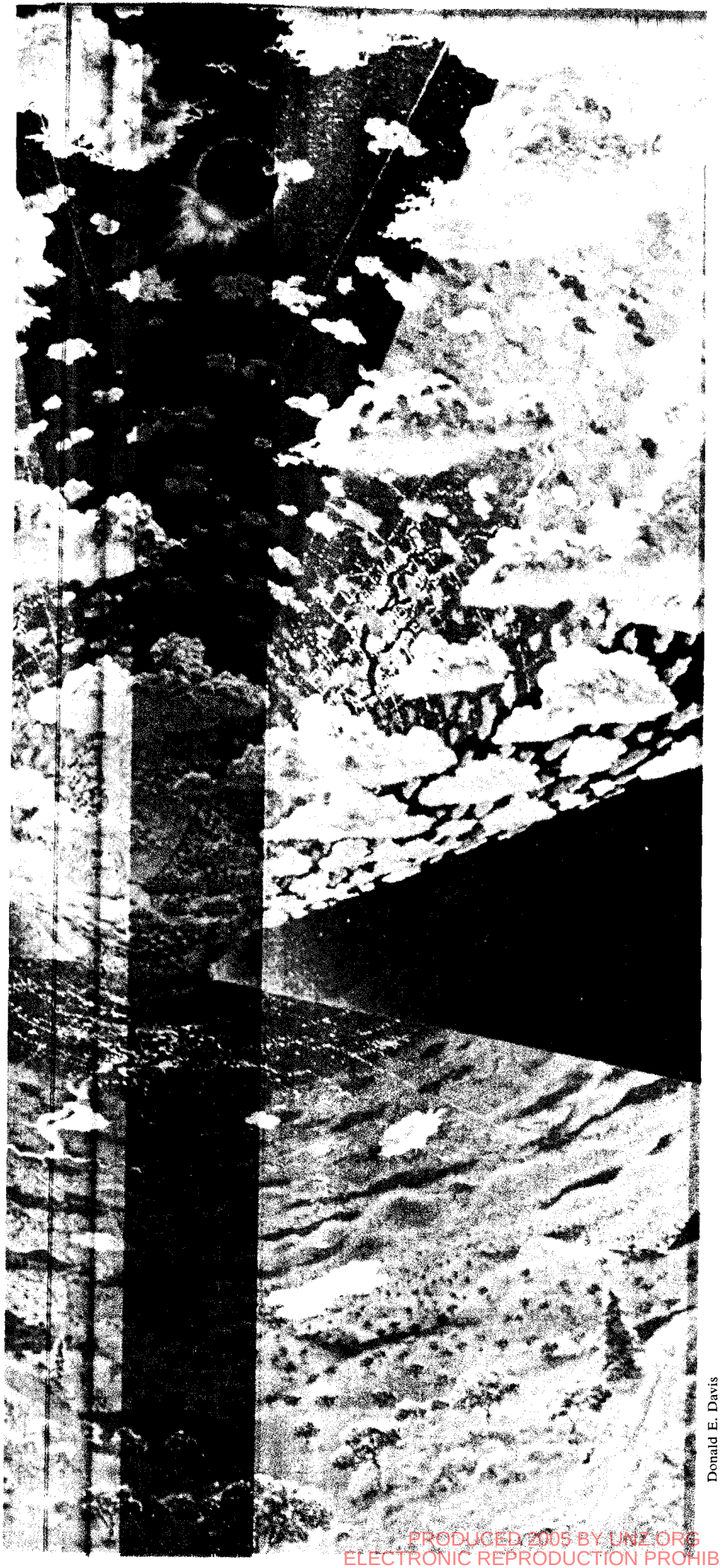

Donald E. Davis

The view from Model 4—A solar eclipse as seen through glass mirrors controlling the entry of light into the space cylinder. The inner surface, spread with soil for agriculture and animal husbandry, would also include all the artificial works of man, his buildings and machines.

the recent ill-fated series, "The Starlost."

In science fiction, though, such enormous, self-contained ships are *ships*, thickly spaced with decks, utterly enclosed with walls—the equivalent of many-layered caverns. O'Neill's vision is of another kind. He sees hollow cylinders with human beings living on the inner surface, a surface that is designed and contoured into a familiar world with all the accoutrements and accompaniments of earth. The cylinder would be composed of long, alternating strips of opaque and transparent material—aluminum and tough plastic. Sunshine, reflected by long mirrors, would enter and illuminate the cylinder and turn what would otherwise be a cave into a daylit world. The entry of light could be controlled by mirror-shifting to allow for alternating day and night.

The inner surface of the opaque portions of the cylinder would be spread with soil, which could be used for agriculture and, eventually, animal husbandry. All the artificial works of man—his buildings and machines—would be there, too.

What makes this concept plausible and lifts the vision out of the realm of science fiction is the careful manner in which O'Neill has analyzed the masses of material necessary, the details of design, the thicknesses and strengths of materials required, the manner of lifting and assembly, and the cost of it all. The conclusion is that the establishment of such space colonies is possible and even practical in terms of present-day technology.

It would be expensive, of course, and

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Apollo-Soyuz Mission:

Détente Goes Orbital

by John Noble Wilford

When spacecraft embark to set up the first extraterrestrial colony, some historian may recall the long-ago summer of 1975. That was the time the first steps were taken toward earth colonies in space. How tentative and modest those steps were—but how necessary to the future of space exploration!

The Americans and the Russians, the two super space powers of that time, were groping their way out of a period of intense rivalry in all matters, space exploration included. The Soviet Union had been the first country to send satellites into space, with *Sputnik* in 1957, and had conducted all subsequent space activities behind a wall of secrecy. The United States had pressed to overcome the early Soviet lead and eventually had surged ahead by sending up the first men to walk on the moon. Until 1972, the chances of the two nations' joining in a major space project seemed quite remote.

But then the leaders of the two nations declared a détente and, among other things, agreed to a dramatic hands-across-space gesture of cooperation. Astronauts of the two nations would fly a joint mission in earth orbit—the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project, as it was called—in which two separate craft would lift off from the United States and Soviet Union, rendezvous in space, and link themselves together.

To a world grown accustomed to space spectaculars, even a little bored with them, the mission did not promise to be all that breathtaking. No new spaceships to test. No endurance records to set. No moon to reach or new celestial landscape to survey. The fact that it was happening was the only thing really unusual about the mission, which was scheduled to begin July 15, 1975.

Everything went according to plan, and here is the sequence that historians recall:

First off the launching pad was the Soviet crew: Aleksei A. Leonov and Valery N. Kubasov. Leonov, a 40-year-old air force colonel, had become the first man to "walk" in space, in March 1965. Kubasov, also 40, was a mechanical engineer and a veteran of the *Soyuz 6* flight in 1969. Their launching came at about 8:20 A.M. Eastern daylight time (3:20 P.M. Moscow time) from the Baikonur cosmodrome, out in the rolling steppes of Kazakhstan.

Their *Soyuz* spacecraft was a workhorse of the Soviet-manned space program. It weighed about 15,000 pounds and consisted of three modules—the spherical descent unit (which the cosmonauts occupied during lift-off and re-entry), the orbital workshop, and the instrument unit.

Upon reaching orbit, the cosmonauts circled the earth four or five times, checking spacecraft systems, and then performed maneuvers to place the *Soyuz* in a circular orbit 142 miles above the earth. There they waited for the action at Cape Canaveral, Fla.

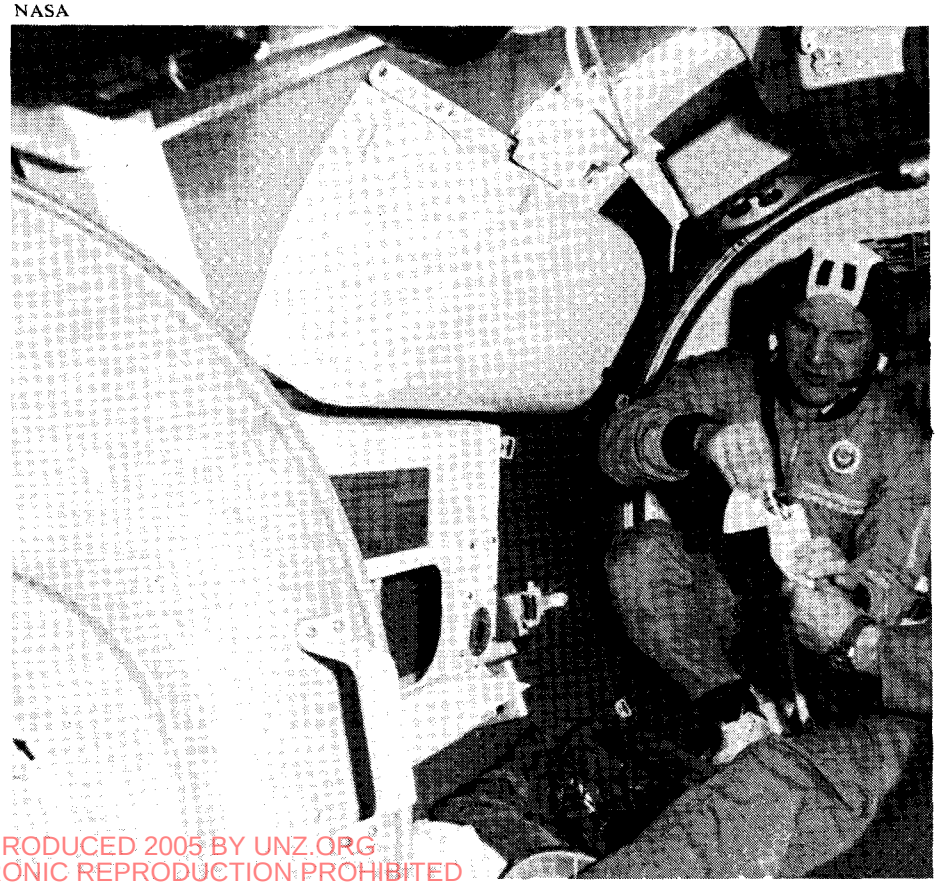
At 3:50 P.M., about seven and a half hours after the *Soyuz* launching, a Saturn 1-B rocket roared to fiery life and thrust an *Apollo* spacecraft into orbit. Aboard the *Apollo* were three Americans—Thomas P. Stafford, Vance D. Brand, and Donald K. Slayton. The 44-year-old Stafford, the mission commander, was a brigadier general in the air force and had flown three space missions, including one around the moon on *Apollo 10*. Brand, also 44, was an aeronautical engineer and a former test pilot on his first space trip. Slayton, nicknamed Deke, was 51 years old, the only one of the original seven *Mercury* astronauts still in the program and the only one who had never flown in space. He had been grounded for years by an unusual heart condition.

The *Apollo* was a larger (37,400 pounds), more maneuverable, and apparently more sophisticated vehicle than the *Soyuz*. Therefore, it assumed the active role in the rendezvous. Like the *Soyuz*, the *Apollo* had several sections, or modules, including a passenger compartment that was self-propelled, and could maneuver in space independently of the rockets that had lifted it into orbit.

About an hour after lift-off, the astronauts separated the *Apollo* from the rocket, turned around, and linked

Joint crew training—Astronaut Donald K. Slayton, right, and cosmonaut Valer

NASA



John Noble Wilford is director of Science News at The New York Times.

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the *Apollo* nose into the hatch of the docking module, a cylindrical unit 10 feet long and five feet in diameter. This unit had been stowed in the upper part of the now-spent rocket, just as the lunar module had been in the moon-landing missions. The docking module was especially designed and built for this mission, to link the two craft together and serve as a pressurized passage between them.

After two days in space, the *Apollo* maneuvered into the same orbit with the *Soyuz*, hove into view, and finally eased the docking module into a link-up with the Soviet craft. For months the two crews had practiced these maneuvers, sometimes together at either the Johnson Space Center in Houston or at Star City, outside Moscow. At times the crews had run simultaneous simulations in Houston and Star City, speaking to each other by a telephone hookup. American and Soviet flight controllers had also gone through days and days of simultaneous simulations, each group maintaining control of its own spacecraft but learning how to work together during the rendezvous and docking phases.

In the exchange of information during preparations, the two nations had operated on a need-to-know basis, which meant that neither side had to divulge any big technology secrets. At first, the Russians would not permit the astronauts to visit Baikonur. But Stafford had insisted he had to see the *Soyuz*, just as the cosmonauts had inspected the *Apollo*. "If I don't see it, I don't fly it," Stafford had said, and presently the gates of Baikonur were cracked open for a brief visit by the Americans.

During the two days in which the craft were joined, some 140 miles above earth, the crews conducted joint scientific experiments and visited each other's craft several times, sharing meals, exchanging gifts, and going through other ceremonies of détente. The crews had learned each other's language, though Leonov often had to smile when Stafford spoke Russian with his Oklahoma twang.

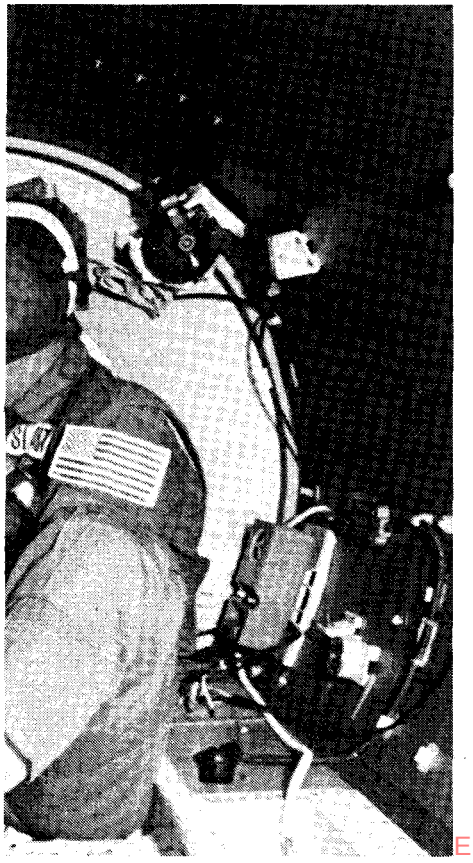
The two craft separated again on Saturday, July 19. The crews then carried out additional docking tests and used the *Apollo* craft to blot out the sun for special photographs of the sun's corona, taken from the *Soyuz*. Finally, after two history-making days aloft, they went their separate ways. The *Soyuz* landed in Central Asia on July 21, and the *Apollo* splashed down in the Pacific on July 24.

The *Apollo-Soyuz* mission led to future joint missions, to international laboratories in space, to planetary voyages, and to the colonization of space. All these possibilities took tremendous commitments of resources, commitments that had to be international in scope.

As Chester M. Lee, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's director for *Apollo-Soyuz*, said at the time:

"Just getting two control centers thousands of miles apart to understand and communicate, plus actual conduct of the flight, will be invaluable experience in the future. We will learn lessons from this flight that will save time and money in future similar efforts. Space is going to be explored. It's man's inherent nature to do that, and we might as well do it together." □

isov, simulating their second day in space.



getting the process started would require an input equivalent to that spent on the Apollo program. But O'Neill demonstrates clearly that the expense would decline rapidly after that. As the colonies increase in number, they could be expected to grow larger and more elaborate, too. O'Neill conceives the first space colonies (Model 1) to be only as large as is required to be workable—two spinning cylinders, each 3,280 feet long and 328 feet wide, supporting a total of 10,000 people.

The two cylinders, each spinning about its long axis, would turn in opposite directions. When they were held together, the total system would have virtually no spin and the cylinders could be designed in such a way as to have one end of the structure point constantly toward the sun in the course of the orbit about the earth.

IT IS FROM THE SUN that the colony would obtain its energy—a copious, endless, easily handled, non-polluting form of energy. It would be used to smelt the ores, power the factories, grow the food, recycle the wastes. It would serve to start the cylinders spinning and increase the rate of spin to the point where there would be a centrifugal effect sufficient to hold everything within to all parts of the inner surface with the apparent pull of normal gravity. For a cylinder 328 feet wide, this would require a spin of three revolutions a minute.

O'Neill envisions larger cylinder-pairs, too, and has calculated the requirements for some as large as 20 miles long and 2 miles wide (Model 4), spinning once in two minutes. Each cylinder of a pair like that would be as wide as Manhattan and half again as long, would have a total inner surface 10 times as great as that of Manhattan, and could support up to 20 million people if it were exploited to the full, though 5 to 10 million might be a more comfortable population.

With so great a width, the cylinder would have a sufficient depth of air within to allow a blue sky and to support clouds. In a Model 4 colony the end caps of the cylinders could be modeled into mountainous territory—full-sized mountains, not just bas-reliefs.

BUT WHERE are we to get all the material for the construction of these space colonies? Our groaning planet, sagging under its weight of humanity, with its supply of key resources sputtering and giving out, couldn't possibly afford to

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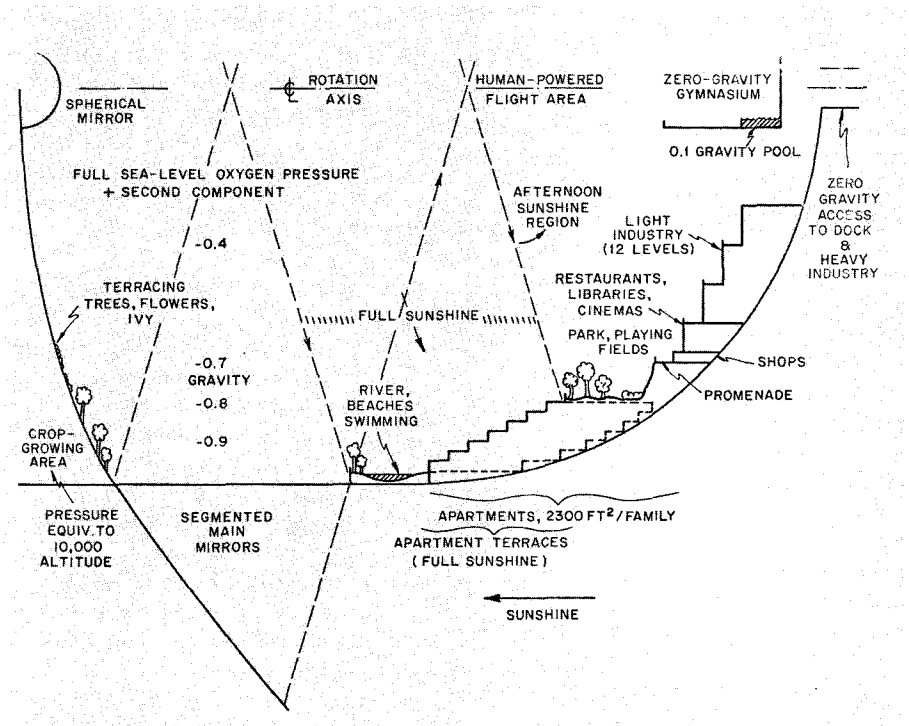
give up the colossal quantities of supplies needed for it all. (Over half a million tons of construction is needed for each Model 1, probably a thousand times as much for a Model 4.)

But earth is lucky, for virtually none of the material need come from our planet. As it happens, we are supplied with a moon, an empty and dead world that is one-eightieth the size of the earth. It is close enough for us to reach—we have already reached it over and over—and it is free to be used as a quarry.

O'Neill calculates that setting up a Model 1 colony would require some 5,400 metric tons of liquid hydrogen, and that would have to come from earth. Fortunately, earth can spare that much. We can get it from sea water, and there is an embarrassing oversupply of sea water on earth. We live in comfort only because so much of the earth's water supply is tied up in the ice caps of Greenland and Antarctica. If these ever melt, the sea level will rise 200 feet and drown our population-packed coastal areas. Extracting hydrogen from a little of our oversupply and giving it away will do us no harm.



Space community—Diagrammatic sketch of one of four villages contained within the first colony. Each would have a population of 25,000.

Lunar material will yield the aluminum, glass, concrete, and other substances needed for constructing the colony. Lunar soil will be spread over the interior surface, and on it agriculture will be practiced. Not only is all that material present on the moon in virtually unlimited quantities, but lifting it off the moon against that body's weak gravity would require only one-twentieth the effort necessary for lifting it off earth. All the smelting and other chemical work would, of course, be done in space. But the lunar material is not perfectly adapted to human needs. It is low in volatile elements, those that vaporize easily when heated. The most serious lack is the volatile element hydrogen (an essential component of water).

As colonies multiply, of course, the quantity of hydrogen we would have to give up could become a little painful. Once space colonization swings into high gear, however, hydrogen and other volatile elements of which the moon has insufficient supply can be obtained from farther out. They can come from some of the asteroids or from the occasional comet that blunders past the earth-moon system on its way to wheel about the sun.

The first space colony would be by far the most expensive, even if it were small, for we would have to supply not only the advanced equipment, the machinery, the various life forms, the basic food supply and energy, but even some 2 percent of the raw materials. After that, there would be leapfrogging. Each space colony would help to build up the next, while the facilities for mining, smelting, shipping, and constructing would be ever improving. In the end, new colonies might be formed with no more trouble than it now takes to put up a new row of houses in the suburbs.

O'Neill thinks that if all were to go optimally, the first space colony could be floating in space by the late Eighties and that several hundred more elaborate colonies would be there by the mid-twenty-first century. These would be comfortable worlds, not, like earth, taken as found, but carefully designed to meet human needs. The temperature and weather would be controlled; energy would be free and non-polluting; weeds, vermin, and pathogenic bacteria would be left back on earth.

DANGERS? Difficulties? Yes, some.

The possibility of a meteor strike exists, but that is not very strong. The space of the earth-moon system is full of meteoric dust, which is not likely to be bothersome, and pinhead meteors may pit the aluminum and craze the plastic, but that would be a minor annoyance. A meteorite large enough to cause serious damage to a colony is so rare that the time between strikes could be counted in the millions of years per colony. As the colonies grow more numerous, the chances that *one* will be hit increases—but mankind can live with that. We now live with the knowledge that there is a finite chance that at any moment a large meteorite, or a major earthquake, may strike and demolish a city on earth.

Energetic solar radiation is dangerous but would not be a problem in a cylinder protected by aluminum, plastic, and soil. Cosmic rays are much more serious. They are ever present and ever dangerous and very penetrating. There is some question as to whether O'Neill's original design offered sufficient protection. At the most recent scientific conference held on the subject (at Princeton on May 7–9, 1975) this subject was among those discussed.

Then, too, the centrifugal effect of the cylinder spin does not perfectly duplicate earth's gravitation. On earth the gravitational pull is not perceptibly altered as we rise from the surface. Inside a spinning cylinder the effect weakens rapidly as one rises from the inner surface, falling to zero at the long axis. Is a fluctuating

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gravitational effect dangerous to the human body in the long run? We have no way of knowing as yet, but if not, a gravitational pull that lessens with height can have its advantages.

The small distances on the space colonies would make it unnecessary to use high-energy systems for transportation. Bicycles would be ideal for the ground, and with the lowering gravity, gliders would be perfect for air transport—and amusement.

Mountain climbing on the larger colonies would have comforts unknown on earth. As one climbed higher, the downward pull would weaken, it would become easier to climb farther, and, of course, the air would grow neither thinner nor colder. In carefully enclosed areas on the mountaintops, people could fly by their own muscle power when they were outfitted with plastic wings on light frames. Shades of Icarus!

As the space colonies increased in number, the room available for human beings would increase, too, and at an exponential rate. Within a century there could be room for a billion people on the space colonies, and by 2150, perhaps, there would be more people in space than on earth.

This prospect does not obviate the need to lower our birthrate in the long run, for if human beings continue to multiply at their present rate, the total mass of flesh and blood will equal the total mass of the known universe in 6,700 years. Long before then the building of space colonies would not be able to keep up under any conceivable conditions.

The colonies could act as a safety valve; however, that would give humanity a somewhat longer time to accomplish the turnabout without absolute disaster.

It may be that finally, when a stable population is attained (or at very worst, one that is growing only as fast as can be handled by additional colonies), the earth itself will be only thinly populated. It will, perhaps, be devoted, then, to carefully preserved wilderness and park areas. It may serve as a monument to man's origin and to the pre-human ecology, and it would be supported largely by tourism.

Tourism would also exist among the multiplying colonies (which would eventually expand out of the Lagrangian points and take up other and somewhat more difficult-to-handle orbits). Because each colony would have no intrinsic gravitational field to speak of and all are likely to be at about the same distance from the sun, travel from one to another would consume surprisingly little energy. And because each colony is likely to be unique in its way, the result would be worth the effort.

After all, almost as important as the basic fact that room would be found for humanity is the additional fact that it would be found in thousands of different, isolated, and culturally independent places. Each colony would have its own way of life, and some might be quite a distance off the norm. Among the offbeat colonies we could imagine puritanical ones and hedonistic ones, libertarian ones and authoritarian ones, Orthodox Jewish ones and hard-shell Baptist ones.

You could choose where you wanted to go; and if you were born on one, you might choose to try another—or at least visit one. Human culture would explode in variety, with each colony having its own styles in clothing, music, art, literature. The options for creativity in general and for scientific advance in particular would be unbounded.

YET THOUGH the advantages of space colonies can be drawn up in a thoroughly lyrical fashion, one has to admit that the chances that the program will be started are, perhaps, not bright.

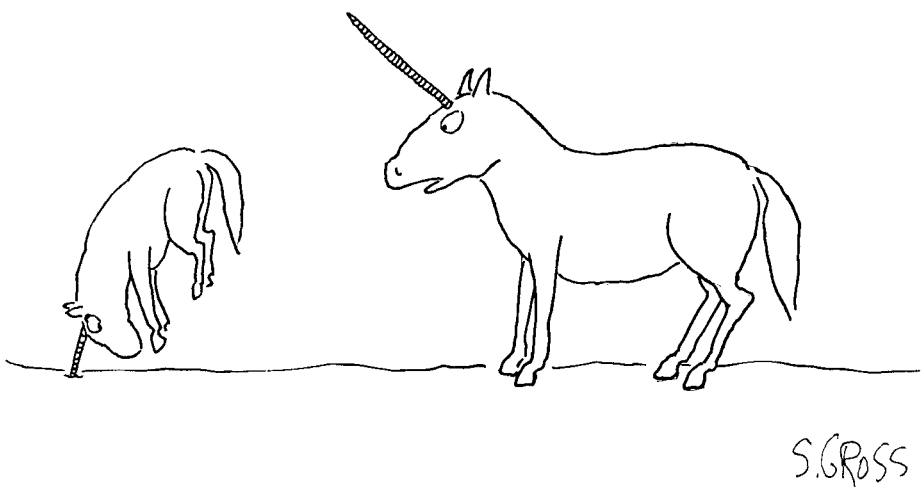
These are difficult times. The Apollo program, by its very success, seems to have taken the shine off space ventures; the economy teeters; there is widespread disillusionment with glowing dreams—particularly in the United States (which would have to supply the major portion of what would have to be a global effort) caught in the wake of the Vietnam failure.

But perhaps mankind will answer to the lure of immediate and high-visibility profit. With that in mind, perhaps, O'Neill is carefully working out the details of an ancillary idea—the practical economics of establishing a structure designed to be a "Satellite Solar Power Station" (SSPS), one that will absorb sunlight and convert it into microwave energy that can be beamed to earth for use as direct electrical current.

Earth could, in this way, be supplied with copious, nearly pollution-free energy. The amount of land that would have to be devoted to microwave reception would be, by O'Neill's calculations, as little as 5 percent of that required for direct solar-energy reception, because the inefficient part of the operation would be kept out in space.

The development of power stations at the Lagrangian points is as practical as the development of space colonies, and the benefits of the former to mankind are sure to be seen as more immediately desirable by the public generally. Yet once power stations are built at the Lagrangian points, the expertise and facilities used for that can also be used to build other industrial systems—and space colonies, too. The basic investments having been made, the additional expense will be almost trivial. Why not go on, then?

It is the energy crisis, then, that may be offering us the opportunity. It is solar energy by way of space that may serve as the bribe. And, if the opportunity is seized and the bribe is accepted, space colonies could follow almost inevitably. With that *might* come the salvation of humanity and its entry into a new and larger scene with overall changes as momentous as those that followed the discovery of fire. □



"I told you never to try a somersault!"

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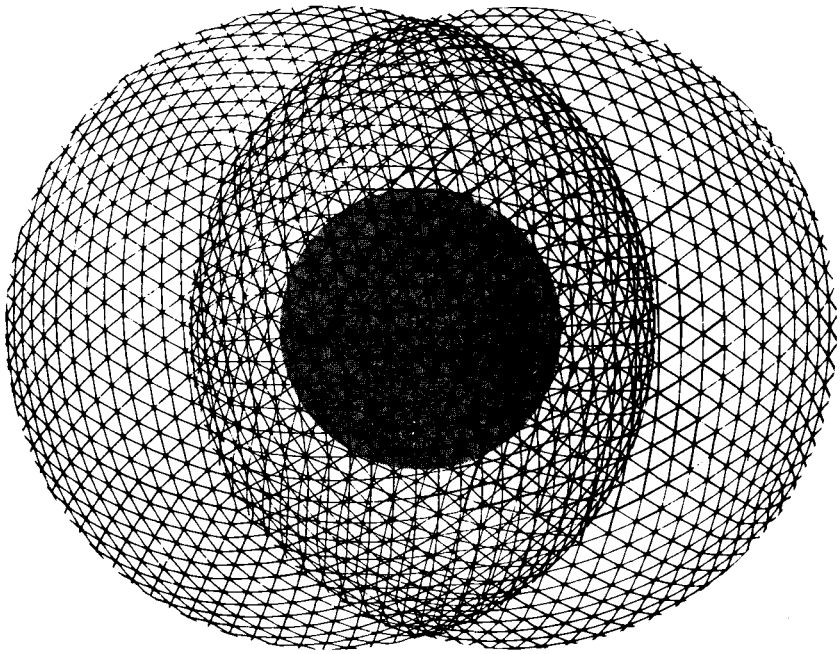
The World in a Test Tube



On the Creation of a Just World Order
Edited by Saul H. Mendlovitz
The Free Press, 302 pp., $9.95

A Study of Future Worlds
by Richard A. Falk
The Free Press, 506 pp., $15 cloth, $6.95 paper

Footsteps Into the Future
by Rajni Kothari
The Free Press, 173 pp., $8.95 cloth, $3.95 paper

Reviewed by Harold Taylor

Prophesying disaster for the present world order is a fairly simple matter. Evidence that we are on a disaster-prone planet is easy to come by and needs only to be projected into intimations of future catastrophe. Keep the present system and catastrophes will follow: war, starvation, planetary exhaustion, and the destruction of human rights.

The special quality of these three books about world order is that their authors look at present and future reality with a clear eye. They have deliberately set out to design action programs through which present disorder may be transmuted into a "preferred world" order based on peace, social justice, economic equity, and environmental quality.

The authors write not so much as prophets but as social analysts, spokesmen for a worldwide, peace-oriented research program sponsored by the Institute for World Order and directed by the institute's president, Saul H. Mendlovitz. Over the past seven years, the program's teams of scholars have been studying the "preferred world" idea in seven different parts of the world.

In *On the Creation of a Just World Order*, eight of the international scholars working on this "World Order Models Project" have written summaries of larger works to be published in a forthcoming series. Richard A. Falk's *A Study of Future Worlds* and Rajni Kothari's *Footsteps Into the Future* are the first in that series.

To put together so diverse a group in the full variety of their ideological and political beliefs, and to emerge with strategies of transition to a more humane world system, is in itself an accomplishment. By insisting on explicit answers to the question of how we get from here to there without mass violence, the members of the project have added a new dimension of intellectual and social content to the world peace movement.

Although the authors reach the conclusion in any number of ways, nearly all of them believe that we are heading toward some form of world government. Saul Mendlovitz says flatly that by the year 2000 there will be one. It is simply a question of how it will come about—by cataclysm, drift, or more or less rational decision—and whether it will be totalitarian or benign.

On the other hand, Carl-Friedrich von Weizsäcker—whose essay "A Sceptical Contribution" raises fundamental doubts about the possibility of world peace—refers to world government as "the most conservative utopia" and says, "I am terrified to admit that it is increasingly probable that this step will be taken only as the result of an atomic world war. . . ."

Richard Falk looks toward a "central guidance system" for planetary management that can evolve from existing transnational organizations and agencies. Some of these agencies, he points out, are already doing a certain amount of governing in the fields of health, environmental protection, business operations, ocean and space use, disarmament, disaster relief, peacekeeping, and resource conservation.

Johan Galtung, in an essay rich in illustration and practical recommendation, uses the terms "non-territorial actors" in the "world's invisible sixth continent" to describe governmental, non-governmental, and economic organizations that operate internationally and do not de-

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Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence, is the author of The World as Teacher *and editor of* The Idea of a World University.

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pend on a base in one country or region. As they evolve, these organizations produce networks of cooperating professionals, intellectuals, managers, and government officials with influence on the internal and external policies of cooperating countries.

Their survival and growth depends on how well the organizations function and the extent to which they meet national and international needs. With their present growth in numbers and influence, they are in a position to form a future political and economic base for Falk's "central guidance system." Since multinational corporations have a life of their own outside the present system of national governments, sooner or later ways must be found to control them on a world scale. In the meantime, for good or ill, they are building global strategies.

In a chapter titled "Development Guided by Values: Comments on China's Road and Its Implications," Paul T. K. Lin has written a detailed account of political and social developments in China since the Forties. Lin sees China as an example of revolution based on an explicit value system. Although he does not deal with the problem of creating a new world order, he produces a convincing rationale for the attitude of China toward her own place in that order. From the Chinese point of view, the U.S.-Soviet détente is simply "a temporary bilateral accommodation on non-basic issues and a brief respite for readjustment and redeployment in preparation for the next violent test of strength."

Ali Mazrui and Gustavo Lagos are of less help in demonstrating how to reach the utopias they advocate. Mazrui puts his emphasis on cultural integration and calls for a World Federation of Cultures based on five languages—English, French, Russian, Chinese, and Arabic—with a "vast expansion of UNESCO's activities." Lagos urges a "revolution of being" through the development of "teaching-learning" and "self-managing" societies. He calls for international ownership of global facilities and world agencies for the management of seabed resources, science and technology, mass communication, outer space, and transnational corporations. He also urges a "drastic revision" of the U.N. charter.

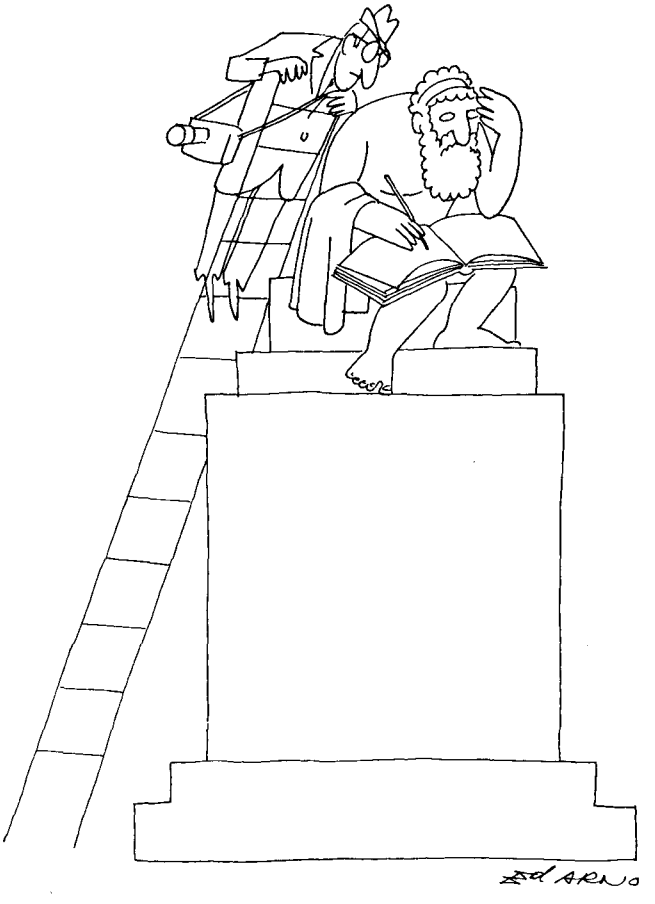
Yoshikazu Sakamoto foresees the achievement of a sense of "global identity," through wider representation of national political parties and non-governmental organizations in the work of international agencies. Meanwhile, the United Nations should concentrate on its role as catalyst for programs of community-building within the nation-states.

THE MORE EXTENDED discussions in the Kothari and Falk books start from the premise that the present order of big-power world management is a war system in which military, economic, and political forces are manipulated to maintain the present structure of power. It is a structure that necessarily divides the world into winners and losers and gives the powerful among the world's elites, inside and outside governments, nearly all the world's benefits, while leaving nothing for the masses except a protracted struggle for survival. Violence as an operating principle is built into the system, and it is to the mutual advantage of the major powers to keep it that way. Foreign aid in this system becomes either false philanthropy or disguised imperialism.

The broad strategies for change proposed by Kothari include the development of international solidarity by the world's poorer countries and regional cooperation among Third World states for political and economic action on a world scale. Such cooperation, says Kothari, should include the formation of a series of larger national units based on common languages and interests, perhaps 20 to 25 groupings in place of the present 130 smaller nation-states, many of them too weak to exert international influence of any kind. The emphasis must be on the autonomy of regional groupings rather than on cooperation with the existing big-power system. Kothari's proposals for reaching that autonomy in a reconstructed world order are realistic and intelligent.

A Study of Future Worlds is one of the most thoroughgoing and wide-ranging investigations of world order and its future that has yet been written. It is Professor Falk's major work and combines the insight of a radical political thinker and activist with the care and diligence of a distinguished scholar.

The heart of the book lies in Falk's effort to support a world revolution while he defines in practical terms the changes necessary to bring it about. He avoids the rhetoric of revolution in favor of sober statements about attainable social goals and the means to achieve them. With an expert's knowledge of the literature and operations of the existing international system, he deals with the full



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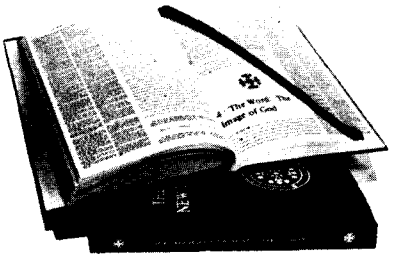

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range of complexity in the issues of world management.

Rather than dismissing the arguments of those who disagree with him, whether on questions of disarmament, deterrence theory, world population control, the reform of the United Nations, multinational corporations, or the relation of domestic politics to foreign policy, he is willing to entertain all their ideas. He tests them by the degree to which they encourage the reduction of mass violence and open up the possibilities for non-violent and beneficent change. Without giving an inch to anyone in his advocacy of ideal goals and a radical perspective, he writes page after page of closely reasoned analysis of the factors that must be taken into account in any effort to produce a new order.

Falk's model for that order calls for a revised United Nations Organization or its equivalent, doubled in size and status, with a World Assembly for policymaking, a World Court for review of disputed policy, a Council of Principals for executive action, and a Central Coordinating Board for a continuing review of the operations of the entire organization.

The shift from the present United Nations is in the direction of a radical increase in the strength and outreach of the functional agencies, and much more emphasis on the checks and balances in the system to avoid bureaucratic rigidity and big-power domination. There would be a Central Committee of a World Security System composed of the directors of three agencies—World Disarmament Service, World Security Forces, and a World Grievance System—that deal with the problems of mass violence. There would also be a World Economic System for managing policies in international trade, development, and money. Finally, there would be a World Monetary and Tax Policy Council, which would levy taxes on resources drawn from the seabed, on governments in the Organization, and on individual incomes above a certain level.

Falk proposes various other extensions of, or substitutes for, existing U.N. or other international organizations. These agencies would include Councils for World Economic Planning and Equity, World Technology, Human Development, Ecological Balance, and Long-Range Planning. Also, a Commission on Human Rights with provision for explicit grievance procedures, a World Environment Authority, and a World Agency of Resource, Conservation, and Development Policy.

FALK PRESENTS HIS OUTLINE not as a finished program, but as a working hypothesis that can be "appraised, altered, reconsidered. . . . We have tried to develop the most plausible arrangement of structural elements, given our knowledge and awareness at this time." Nor does he believe that the invention of structures, his own or anyone else's, is the most important part of global reform. What is most important is to begin by changing attitudes toward the way in which global problems can be dealt with, to show by reference to the reality of present conditions that they *can* be solved, and to create a "world order movement that is neither naive about its origins, sterile in its implications, nor reckless about its consequences."

As far as the United States is concerned, the most hopeful sign for a new policy of true internationalism is that as of now, nothing is working. The Nixon-Brezhnev-Kissinger idea of world order, with its bilateral balancing and tilting, is obsolete. The world has moved past it, and the United States stands only to gain by supporting the idea of a world order based on the reality of interdependence and the necessity of non-violent solutions to global problems.

Richard Falk has produced a book that can serve both as a major resource of ideas for the theory of world peace and as a manual for political and social action. The technical sections, which make use of charts, abbreviations, and the shorthand of technical experts to indicate time sequences and alternate world systems, put heavy demands on the reader. The book itself makes demands and provides rewards that few serious scholars in the field of world affairs can afford to refuse. ☐

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Little Girl Blue

Judy
by Gerold Frank
Harper & Row, 704 pp., $12.50

Judy Garland: A Biography
by Anne Edwards
Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Philip French

Just given the bare facts in a *Who's Who* manner, a Martian visitor of suitably conventional outlook might well think that Judy Garland's career was a beautiful success story—and in a sense it was, as a career. She was born Frances Ethel Gumm, the rather unprepossessing third child of a lower-middle-class family, in Minnesota in 1922. Her parents idolized her, nicknaming her "Baby." From her first stage appearance, as a toddler in her father's small-town movie theater, audiences loved her, too, and they continued to do so after the family moved to California in 1926. After considerable acclaim performing with her attractive, though untalented, sisters (they were renamed the Garland Sisters by George Jessel in 1934 while they were performing at the Chicago World's Fair), she was signed to a seven-year contract by Hollywood's most prestigious studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She remained with MGM for 15 years, making a succession of quality movies, none of which lost money and several of which (most notably the musicals *The Wizard of Oz* and *Meet Me in St. Louis*) are universally acknowledged classics of popular culture. After leaving MGM, she made several more pictures (two of which brought her Academy Award nominations) and developed a new career as one of the world's most sought-after concert entertainers. This account, of course, as virtually everyone the world over knows, is only part of the truth, but one has to read Gerold Frank's or Anne Edwards's book (or one of the half-dozen other biographies of Judy) to see how small a part.

Neither Miss Edwards nor Mr. Frank is in business to write monographs about Garland's art or to celebrate her life. Miss Edwards is a tough, no-nonsense journalist from London's Fleet Street who now lives in America and has written five little-known novels. Frank is a specialist in the lachrymose tales of life's (and show business's) victims. He helped Lillian Roth survey the wreckage of her life and issue the defiant challenge *I'll Cry Tomorrow*; he assisted Diana Barrymore in relating the terrible things that happened to her as a result of getting *Too Much, Too Soon*; and he aided Sheilah Graham with *Beloved Infidel,* her memoir of Scott Fitzgerald's last, desperate days in Hollywood. In all of them the heroines are put upon by weak or exploitive males, and the principal characters are awash in a sea of booze, guilt, and depression. The life of Judy is thus right up Frank's Sunset Boulevard.

With differing emphases and at rather different lengths (Frank's mighty tome is twice the size of Edwards's), the two books tell essentially the same story. Judy had in Ethel Gumm an awful, stagestruck mother, a self-pitying monster who sought to live her life through her daughter's success. (There was in the Thirties a real group called the Organization of Motion Picture Mothers, which must have run the SS a close second as the decade's most frightful new association.) Determined to make Judy a star, Ethel never let her develop naturally, and through her constant criticism of the child's appearance and posture she created in Judy a permanent and crippling sense of insecurity.

Her father, the weak and possibly homosexual Frank Gumm, Judy loved dearly, and after his death (when she was 13), she sought a father in all the men she met, including the five unsuitable ones she chose to marry. Her mother's efforts sold her into the bondage of MGM, where she was richly rewarded but cruelly exploited by the grotesque studio boss Louis B. Mayer. Metro protected her from the world and introduced her to the pills (for slimming, sleeping, working, playing) to which she became addicted and which eventually killed her.

Miss Edwards's inclination is largely to blame the people. Ethel and Mayer are a pair of unredeemed heavies who deliberately battened on the child for their own ends, and she even hints that the lecherous mogul may have seduced his teenage star, as he allegedly did several others from the MGM lot's little red schoolhouse. Frank's tendency, on the other hand, is to blame the system, of which Mayer and Ethel are but agents, and in this respect he cannot be too far off the mark. The two authors agree that Judy very likely had an abortion during her first marriage and that MGM and Ethel connived in it. Frank alone claims that the Gumms came close to having Ethel's third, unwanted, pregnancy terminated, the knowledge of which must have been as disturbing to Judy as was the suspicion of her father's homosexuality.

Neither author knew Judy well, and each presents her as a hopelessly neurotic, demanding, ruthless little angel—in Frank's version an exceedingly foul-mouthed one. Both met her while on journalistic assignments (Frank to discuss an unwritten autobiography, Edwards at press conferences and at Judy's last wedding reception), but only Frank appears to have done the kind of research that a book requires if it is to be called "definitive," the term Miss Edwards's publishers attach to her volume. Not that Frank's book is definitive, but, like Fred Lawrence Guiles's *Norma Jean,* it awaits a Mailer to come along and do a *Marilyn* on it. On questions of objective fact, therefore, one trusts Frank, despite the general lack of judiciousness with which he handles the enormous amount of testimony he's collected. Moreover, Miss Edwards makes so many minor errors (she says, for example, that Darryl Zanuck was a longtime employee of Louis Mayer, and that *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* a celebrated Warner Brothers production, was made at MGM) that one loses faith in her. Nevertheless, her bitchy, disenchanted approach to

Bettmann
Judy Garland—"A hopelessly neurotic, demanding, ruthless little angel."

Philip French is a British journalist and broadcaster, and the author of The Movie Moguls *and* Westerns.

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show business serves her better and makes her judgment sounder than Frank's great big soggy heart, which throbs to the very same beat as the industry he is writing about.

For example, Judy's third husband, the egregious producer Sidney Luft, emerges from Miss Edwards's study in a pretty shabby light for his role in driving his wife on and increasing her already appalling financial troubles, though she doesn't deny that, as with her other husbands, Judy initially pursued him and dragged him to the altar. Reading between the lines of Frank's book (and this is the recommended way of reading it), one perceives a Luft who's rather like Sammy Glick after a Charles Atlas bodybuilding course; but the author, on the surface at least, presents him as shrewd, considerate, and heroic, and allows him page after page of self-justification. Frank tells us that Judy was a pathological liar and then proceeds to treat all those around her as disinterested and unimpeachable witnesses to the truth.

Miss Edwards may not write with much distinction, but she can sometimes turn a passable phrase, as when remarking upon Judy's changing appearance in the Fifties (and the photographic evidence in both books is truly shocking) that "her soft beauty had become harsh neon," or telling us that an ill-chosen dress for the then plump Judy's Palladium debut made her look "like a barrel of melting butter." Frank, on the other hand, specializes in strings of self-canceling antitheses, and he constantly regales us with such observations as: "He made her feel a woman," "This unique dragonfly personality that was his Judy," "She was like an elemental force."

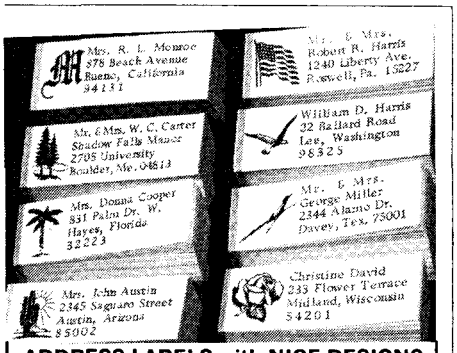
"I no longer know whether they're coming to hear a musician or to see the greatest junkie in the world," said Charlie Parker shortly before his death. Judy must often have felt the same way during the years leading up to her own premature death at the age of 47 in the summer of 1969. "Who needs a happy Judy Garland?" she once asked bitterly. Dependent upon massive doses of drugs to keep her on her feet or to knock her out at night, drinking heavily, her health totally undermined, forever attempting suicide, she literally staggered around the world to meet a schedule of singing engagements that would have severely taxed the strength of someone in the best of spirits. On many occasions she failed to make it on stage, on others she made it but had to withdraw, often she got by with jokes and sheer willpower. The surprising and deeply moving thing, however, is the number of times she *did* appear and the general excellence of her performance. At her best she was a superb professional, for all that she used up so much of herself in her art, and she never lost the respect of her fellow professionals.

There is no problem explaining Judy Garland's professional success any more than there is a problem in itemizing the concatenation of personal and social factors that contributed to her destruction. She was a competent, intuitive actress, a gifted comedienne, a fine dancer (she had one of the best pairs of legs in the business), and a singer of great range and subtlety of coloring and phrasing. What is less easy to define, as always, is the unique nature of her star quality, and even less easy to explain satisfactorily is why she became the center of a steadily growing cult during the last 19 years of her life (from around the time of her sensational appearances at the London Palladium and the New York Palace in 1951). One of the better observations quoted in these books is by Clifton Fadiman, who wrote of her spellbinding Palace concerts:

> As with all true clowns, she seemed to be neither young nor old, pretty nor plain. She had no "glamour," only magic. She was gaiety itself, yearning itself, fun itself. . . . She wasn't being judged or enjoyed, not even watched or heard. She was only being felt, as one feels the quiet run of one's own blood, the shiver of the spine. . . .

About the cult there was and is something rather unhealthy, a touch of that sick and necrophilic spirit that Nathanael West attributed to the hordes of sensation-seeking movie fans who eventually run riot at the end of *Day of the Locust*.

Yet the cult is in part connected with the star image she created—the yearning of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* for that impossible land over the rainbow. In her most characteristic roles, as in her later public persona, she was a vulnerable, insecure little girl, asking to be loved, to be cherished, to be protected. Her style as a singer, as well as her career and appeal, greatly resemble Billie Holliday's and Edith Piaf's. But unlike those two equally doomed souls, she did not have an exotic or socially deprived background. Judy was deeply in the middle-American grain, a small-town girl who had been led to believe (indeed, this is the message of both *The Wizard of Oz* and *Meet Me in St. Louis*) that the bluebird of happiness was to be found in her own backyard. Unfortunately, the backyard was an irrecoverable Eden, and the bluebird on closer inspection proved to be a raven. At the center of Garland's act, though she never came to terms with it, was an awareness of the essentially tragic nature of life. There never could be enough love—however hard she searched, however much her audience pledged it—to make up for that knowledge. □



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Future Notebook

The Memoirs of a Survivor
by Doris Lessing
Knopf, 213 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Malcolm Cowley

Before talking about Doris Lessing's new novel, let me set down the bare record of her life. Born in Persia, 1919, the daughter of an English army captain. Brought up, married, and divorced in what was then Southern Rhodesia. Came to London in 1949 and published her first book the following year. Since then she has published 21 others, if we count as five the separate volumes of a serial novel, *Children of Violence*. Besides fiction of various types, long and short, realistic and visionary, she has written poetry, drama, reportage, and memoirs, always with the same desperate candor. The record makes it hard to believe that she has ever suffered from writer's block, but she tells us that it was an agonizing problem for some years after the end of her affair with communism.

The heroine of Doris Lessing's most celebrated work, *The Golden Notebook*, also suffers from writer's block. Anna Wulf is self-divided and violently impelled in all directions after leaving the Communist Party, but she finds herself unable to write chiefly because she has lost faith in the novel as a means of telling the truth about her world. Her own novel has been widely praised, but she decides in one of her notebooks, the black one, that she will never write another. "Why a story at all?" she asks. "Not that it was a bad story, or untrue, or that it debased anything. Why not, simply, the truth?"

In an effort to find the truth while she circumvents her inner obstacle, Anna has been keeping four notebooks simultaneously. Each of these reveals one side of her divided self. The black notebook starts as a record of literary encounters, then continues with memories of her wartime years in Africa, which she calls "the source." In the red notebook she talks about her uneasy relationships with men in the Communist Party. The yellow notebook is devoted to characters and episodes that she might use in fiction, if she could bring herself to write it again, and the blue notebook she tries to make an accurate account of her daily experiences. All the records except this last one dissolve into jottings and newspaper clippings. Finally she buys herself a fifth notebook, one with a handsome golden cover. "I'll pack away the blue notebook with the others," she says. "I'll start a new notebook, all of myself in one book."

"All of myself" turns out to be a love affair with Saul Green, a brilliant, penniless American ex-radical with psychological problems. The lovers drive each other to the point of actual madness before they separate. But first Saul rescues Anna by ordering her to write a book—"It doesn't matter if you fail; why are you so arrogant?" he says—and by making her copy down the first sentence: "The two women were alone in the London flat." We turn back and find that this is the first sentence of *The Golden Notebook* as published in 1962.

In rereading *The Golden Notebook*, we find that it is a triumphant book. Not only does it record Anna Wulf's—and Doris Lessing's—victory over self-doubts, but also it is in itself an extraordinary work—complicated, sharp, and comprehensive. It contains tragedies, parodies, dreams—perhaps too many dreams—superbly accurate transcripts, and, above all, the truth: not the names or dates or even the persons, some of whom melt into each other, but the truth that Lessing had tried to set down about herself as a free woman. It has become a landmark in twentieth-century writing.

LESSING'S NEW NOVEL, *The Memoirs of a Survivor*, is not likely to become a landmark. It continues the visionary strain—not her most effective one—that was first heard toward the end of *The Four-Gated City* (1969), especially in the appendix, which carries that novel 20 years into the bleak future. This time the whole book is visionary or prophetic, and it lacks, for the most part, the sharp observation of manners that helped to distinguish her earlier work. What Lessing prophesies is a catastrophic breakdown of the affluent society. In the England of her novel, trains don't run, garbage isn't collected, most of the shops are closed, and no one has money except the official classes, the Talkers. These keep issuing reassuring bulletins, but hardly anyone listens because there is not enough electric power for television and because newspapers are hard to find. Most of the population have resigned from the industrial system. Young people live by scrounging, at first for themselves, then later for the gangs or tribes that have become the new social units. Old people are hardly ever seen, and the narrator surmises that most of them have been swept away by epidemics or starvation.

Camera Press

Doris Lessing—Her latest novel "continues her visionary strain."

The narrator—an unnamed woman, middle-class and middle-aged—lives alone in a ground-floor flat and watches through her window as gangs take shape around bonfires, then tramp away toward the west or the north, where it is rumored that food can be found. One day a man and a half-grown girl appear in the woman's living room. "She is Emily Cartright," the man says to the woman. "Look after her." Then he walks out and is never seen again. But who is Emily? Is she a younger Doris Lessing? And does that make the book, as the author says, "an attempt at autobiography"? If so, it is less revealing than her earlier attempts. And the unnamed narrator: is she also Doris Lessing? If so, she is much less interesting than Anna Wulf, and in fact she does little except look after Emily, go

Malcolm Cowley, for many years the literary editor of the New Republic, *is author of, among others,* A Second Flowering: Works & Days of the Lost Generation.

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foraging for food, and stare at the wall of her living room. Suddenly the wall opens, and she finds herself on the other side, at first in an empty suite of rooms, and then, on another occasion, in a house with Emily's parents and with Emily herself as a four-year-old child.

It was all confusing to this reader, especially since he suspected a meaning that he kept failing to grasp, almost as if he were groping through a dark room in which he felt the presence of an intruder —but who? and come there for what purpose? The novel, for all its puzzling and somber atmosphere, is easy to read. It projects the feelings that some of us have after reading the daily papers, and it contains some sharply imagined scenes. There is the junk shop where relics of the affluent age are repaired and traded for other relics; there is the children's collective with its self-imposed discipline, a social order being born; and there is the sudden irruption of still younger children, pure savages who have been living in cellars and eating rats (with more than a hint of cannibalism). By contrast there is the tender account of Emily's growing in a few months from childhood into young womanhood and of her intense joy at finding a lover.

But what shall we say about the end of the fable? The end comes—no use concealing it—when the middle-aged woman steps through the living-room wall and, on this last occasion, calls on Emily and her lover Gerald to follow. Even some of the savage children come trooping after them into a region where they feel a mysterious Presence. And hear soft music? Does Lessing mean to say that we can escape a universal disaster—that we, too, can become survivors—merely by passing into another plane of consciousness? To this stubborn rationalist, it isn't an ending, really, but a cop-out. □

New Books

The Message in the Bottle: How Queer Man Is, How Queer Language Is, and What One Has to Do With the Other

by Walker Percy
Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 335 pp., $8.95

This collection of essays, written over the past 20 years, represents the author's attempt to shed some light on the nature of language. Mr. Percy begins with the assumption that current theories of language—those devised by the behaviorists, on the one hand, and the linguists, on the other—are "incoherent," and that, further, the task of discovering a satisfactory theory of language is lent special urgency by the fact that such a theory is the necessary precondition for a satisfactory theory of man himself.

According to Mr. Percy, the singularity of the human animal lies in the ability to "symbolize" experience—that is, to name and attach meaning to all those things that constitute the world, and not, as with all other living creatures, merely to "respond" to "stimuli" in an "environment." Mr. Percy counterposes this definition of the "human" with the extreme reductionism of the behaviorists, whose notions do not account even on a descriptive level for the important differences between man and beast. In the essay "Culture: The Antinomy of the Scientific Method," he goes a long way toward debunking the assumptions and the methods of cultural relativism, arguing persuasively that "it is high time for social scientists in general to take seriously the chief article of faith upon which their method is based: that there is a metascientific, metacultural reality, an order of being apart from the scientific and cultural symbols with which it is grasped and expressed."

Mr. Percy is an especially congenial and lively stylist, and one follows him willingly (albeit, at times, somewhat haltingly) over even the roughest—that is, the most technical and recondite—terrain that *The Message in the Bottle* traverses. Finally, though, he does not come to terms with the very area of concern that he seeks to illuminate—modern man's sense of radical alienation from that which exists and from that which matters. He is attempting to articulate an essentially normative system, and he rightly begins by taking to task those who offer "scientifically" valid propositions about the nature of man that disregard all the vexing and untidy actualities of human experience. As it turns out, however, this is pretty much the nature of the enterprise Mr. Percy himself is embarked on, and, where all such enterprises falter, his does, too.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

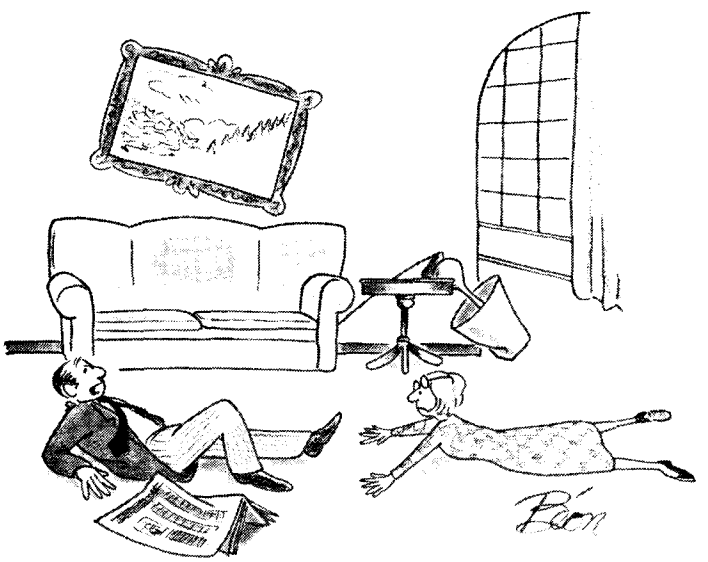
•

Far Tortuga

by Peter Matthiessen
Random House, 408 pp., $10.95

James Joyce, speaking as Stephen Dedalus, insisted that a beautiful object must possess "wholeness, harmony, and radiance"—signifying, I believe, that esthetic pleasure derives from our contemplation of a finished unity which best impresses us by the logical and inevitable interrelatedness of its parts. If Peter Matthiessen's interesting new novel is judged by this standard, one must call it an adventurous failure; it is an attempt to make the alien familiar, which founders on a confusion of purposes, and it is only intermittently salvaged by its singular power to intrigue and dazzle.

Far Tortuga denotes the ultimate, destroying reef amid a complex of outlying islands in the northwest Caribbean. Embraced by this remoteness is a turtle-fishing boat, the *Lillias Eden*, with her



"Either that was an earthquake, or the President just moved the country forward a little."

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crew of nine, all enclosed in elliptically suggested "mysteries." They enliven the stupor of shipboard routine with exaggerated tales of past voyages, brave prophecies of profitable futures. Their captain conceals an enigmatic past, often absents himself below-decks, may be dying. Mutinous, murderous tensions first lie vibrating, then uncoil: the ship goes down, survivors huddle in lifeboats. The indifferent surrounding immensity dwarfs and diminishes the men, reasserting its dominance.

The slowly building bulk of this novel demonstrates explorer-scientist Matthiessen's wish to communicate details about a unique and little-known way of life. The faster-paced climactic pages return our attention to character and plot (which were, previously, subordinated to a vivid rash of informational and pictorial effects).

Readers will be buffeted between lucidly powerful impressionistic descriptions and a bewildering articulation of semi-bearable dialect ("... de men don't listen to de coptin, dey stand a very good chance of losin der lifes"). The narrative is distributed among hundreds of brief paragraphs separated by varying expanses of white page-space. This novel's "rigging" is really all a reader can respond to. It exudes a magnificent and paradoxical radiance; but beneath the beautiful surface, I cannot make out anything that even remotely resembles a harmonious whole.

BRUCE ALLEN

•

The Sun in Mid-Career

by Christopher Davis
Harper & Row, 416 pp., $10

This splendid novel, which takes the form of a family chronicle, is framed by a prologue and an epilogue set in the academic ambience of the late Sixties; the bulk of the story, however, is concerned with the lives of its major characters as they took shape between the Edwardian era and the end of World War II. First we meet John Gamble, disaffected modern artist and intellectual who, at the time of the Kent State killings and the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, finds himself a visiting lecturer at a midwestern university. The narrative then moves backward in time to 1912; with the introduction of Gamble's uncle, Alex Weisshorn, child of affluent Russian-Jewish immigrants who eventually becomes a celebrated composer, the real business of the novel begins.

The Sun in Mid-Career is a resonant and textured portrait of Weisshorn and the worlds in which he moves. Mostly, we see him in that milieu of radical politics and bohemianism inhabited by American artists and intellectuals during the Twenties and Thirties: first in his exuberant student days in Paris, then on an idyllic sojourn in Italy with Eve Schiff, a neurotic and gifted woman also involved in "the arts," and then in his maturity, back in America, where he becomes a kind of culture-hero writing political operas about the suffering masses during the Depression and the glories of the Soviet army during World War II.

Davis, whose sense of irony is at once keen and compassionate, juxtaposes the passionate and, perhaps, naive enthusiasm of Weisshorn with the skepticism and psychic exhaustion of Gamble, subtly capturing something of that loss of possibilities for innocence in the American experience that followed inevitably from the nightmarish upheavals of the late Sixties. What is most memorable about *The Sun in Mid-Career*, aside from the extraordinary fact of its being, in this day and age, an untendentious novel about politics, is the elegance of its language, the amplitude of its numerous characterizations, the grace with which it handles scenes of family and childhood, the tension and the complexity of the emotional life it articulates, and the fullness of its rendering of that slice of American cultural history with which it is preoccupied.

J.L.C.

•

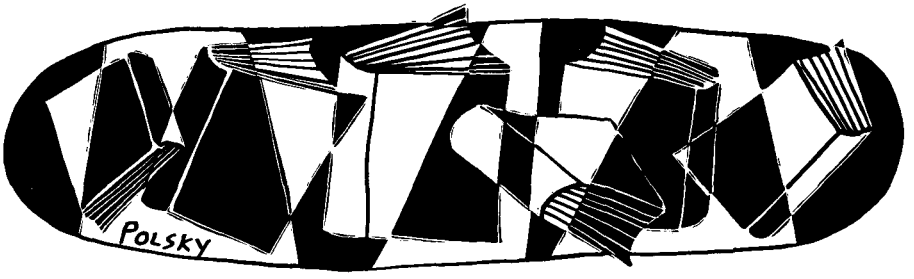
The Boat

by Lothar-Günther Buchheim
Translated from the German by Denver and Helen Lindley
Knopf, 463 pp., $10

Of the 40,000 men who served Hitler in his U-boats during World War II, only 10,000 survived, and one of the survivors has written an incisive novel about life in a German submarine. Germany has been in an uproar about it ever since publication because *The Boat* is pretty steamy and seamy, it is filled with normal wartime vulgarity, and it is unmincing in its description of sex among men without women.

The whole novel is told in the present tense, suggesting a true-life diary. And that is probably what it is—an extraordinary tale, truly told, about the fall and winter of 1941, just before the United States entered the war, when the U-boat hunted British convoys in the Atlantic. At sea for months at a time in a claustrophobic world, the sailors face the terror of the depth charge hour after hour at depths below 700 feet, where the best of steel is like an eggshell. Even at 350 feet a depth charge is lethal to a submarine if it comes within a few hundred feet of it. The trick is to find the sub that far down.

Even on the surface or near it, a U-boat is a very unseaworthy instrument, needing constant attention to maintain any sort of level movement. Though a submarine doesn't roll much, it pitches horribly, even in good weather. In a storm, pitching of 40 degrees is common, and one of the tricks to staying alive in a U-boat is learning to hold on wherever you may be, including in your bunk. Fortunately for British shipping, curvature of the earth (something the Lord invented) kept most convoys out of target range. Yet the toll in that fear-filled fall and winter of 1941 was almost catastrophic for the remaining Ally.



The Boat will appeal to anyone who ever wore a uniform in battle on land or sea, but especially to navy men, for the technical detail and devastating candor of life inside a wartime sub have seldom been approached elsewhere in fiction. No nice-nelly writing here, which is probably why the book has been reviled as well as praised inside Germany. It's a little like reading about the Civil War from the point of view of a Confederate soldier. He and his fellows were human, too, whatever the victors thought of them at the time.

RICHARD L. TOBIN

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Poetry Type Writer

The latest handsomely designed book of poetry from Atheneum—you get value for the $7.95 price—is Donald Finkel's *A Mote in Heaven's Eye*. Finkel, in his mid-40s, teaches at Washington University in St. Louis. He is a poet who is highly regarded by his fellow poets. And here's a poet's poem, "Deus ex Machina":

O Hermes 3000
hip grey messenger
god of thieves
what dark conspiratorial vowels
grim consonants
gather in your spools

I'm a god too
look
one stroke of my left hand
the paper rises, radiant
on a hill of keys

I run my fingers
over the white stones
seeking a way in

the paper
stiff, humorless
white as a parson's collar
rides back and forth
in his black carriage
taking notes

Gentry?

I dunno, but it strikes me as humorous that the publishers of *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage* and *Burke's Landed Gentry* have now come up with *Burke's Presidential Families of the United States* (distributed by Arco, $39.95). I mean, considering the kind of people some of our Presidents have been (and I'm not pointing a finger) . . . *Gentry*? Anyhow, the book is immensely scholarly, and undoubtedly useful to someone: critical biographies of the chaps, portraits of them and their wives, chronologies, writings, lineage, and descendants—in some cases, hundreds; in others, none (Washington, Madison, Buchanan—the only bachelor). Our current man was born Leslie Lynch King; three years later he was adopted by his stepfather and had his name changed. Why, we could have had a President King!

Wives of Great Men All Remind Us . . .

"I used to play that game with La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*. They're so neatly balanced, but when you turn them around, have them say the opposite of the original statement, they're equally valid." This is a line from B. H. Friedman's fifth novel, *Almost a Life* (Richard Seaver/Viking, July 7, $8.95). So I pull down my *Bartlett's* and turn a few around: "Our vices are most frequently but virtues disguised." Not bad. "We love in the degree that we pardon." Hmmm. Friedman's well-constructed fiction is a book within a book: the story of Our Hero's writing a biography of a famous and cantankerous photojournalist. Scene, New York and Provincetown, very well done. So he writes the biography and discovers a universal truth: "I suppose every biographer wishes the widows of great men practiced suttee."

Bleeding Heart

Dear, sloppy Heywood Broun, who was frequently described as "looking like an unmade bed," is a good subject for a book, and here it is: *Heywood Broun: A Biography* by the late Richard O'Connor (Putnam's, June 30, $8.95). Sometimes called "Bleeding Heart Broun," he was a Harvard man, a newspaperman, a political activist, founder of the American Newspaper Guild, and, most of all, a columnist. He clashed with Westbrook Pegler, supported the Roosevelts, pleaded for Sacco and Vanzetti. He had a splendid style. Here he is, in the unlikely role of executive, hiring W. O. McGeehan for the New York *Tribune*'s sports page:

McGeehan, who would become a rival of Damon Runyon as a sports columnist, would never forget his first interview with sports editor Broun. He found a large, rumpled man with dark twinkling eyes lounging behind the railing of the sports department and using a wastebasket as a footstool.

The interview was brief and businesslike.

"Mr. McGeehan," Broun said, "the management has authorized me to haggle with you over salary."

McGeehan braced himself for a tough bargaining session.

"You may have forty-five or fifty dollars a week," Broun continued. "Whichever you want."

"Fifty's a nice round number," McGeehan replied.

"You're hired. If you'd taken less, I'd have kicked you downstairs."

"Separate oceans, please."

Silly, Silly

Here's a children's book that came in too late for my recent roundup. It's too good to pass up: *Small in the Saddle* by Mark Alan Stamaty (Windmill/Dutton, $5.95). It's the story of the mysterious stranger who rides into town and clears out the bad guys. In this peculiar case the bad guys are ticklers: "Give us all your money or we'll TICKLE you!" And they do tickle, gleefully saying "Kitchy-kitchykoo!" Well, the stranger is a small boy, and he calls a showdown on the main street, in proper cowboy-movie fashion. Stamaty—whose earlier book, *Who Needs Donuts?*, was totally ridiculous (in a nice way)—fills his pages with odd background drawings: chickens with cows' heads, ridiculous signs in windows, "horsoline" stations. You *and* your kids will have a good time with it. □

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with the National Society of Literature
and the Arts.

NSLA OPERA CONFERENCE. The Society's first public symposium--on "The Survival of Opera in America and the Crisis at the Met"--was held in New York on May 15 at the Lincoln Center campus of Fordham University, which co-sponsored the conference. Panelists included Anthony A. Bliss, executive director, Metropolitan Opera; Sarah Caldwell, artistic director, Opera Company of Boston; J. William Fisher, chairman, Gramma Fisher Foundation; R. David Gockley, general director, Houston Grand Opera Association; Herman Krawitz, of the Rockefeller Foundation; I. Philip Sipser, an attorney representing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra members; Thomas Stewart, the American baritone; and Roger L. Stevens, president, National Opera Institute. Irving Kolodin, SR's music editor, served as moderator.

Opera's hopes for survival, the conference indicated, are somewhat brighter outside New York than they are at the Metropolitan Opera. However, the panel was in almost unanimous agreement that the long-term survival of opera in America hinges on increased subsidy in one form or another from the federal government.

National Public Radio taped the conference for broadcast over its 179-station network later this summer. For information regarding broadcast times, write to "Options," National Public Radio, 2025 M St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

HOW MUCH GOVERNMENT FUNDING FOR THE ARTS? Sometime this summer Congress will vote to fund the National Endowment for the Arts in fiscal 1976. In testimony before House and Senate appropriations subcommittees in April, the endowment (through its chairman, Nancy Hanks) requested $82 million. This is $7 million more than was appropriated in 1975--an 11 percent increase to offset inflationary increments in the endowment's ongoing programs. Many people feel that the figure is too low. For example, Lloyd Rigler--a California businessman--testified before the Senate subcommittee that the arts should be viewed as a major industry supporting more than 100,000 employees at a time of severe unemployment. On that basis, he urged appropriation of the $126 million originally authorized by Congress, instead of the $82 million requested by the administration. Despite such prods for additional funding, informed sources on Capitol Hill believe that the endowment can consider itself lucky if it gets the requested $82 million. Congress is looking for ways to economize, and the arts could well be a victim this year. NSLA members may want to express themselves on this question to their congressmen and senators.

No matter what happens in fiscal 1976, a larger decision regarding government support of the arts looms ahead. The present enabling legislation for the National Endowment expires at year-end. Congressional hearings on new measures to replace the old will be held in the fall. There is no question about the continuance of the endowment. The issue to be resolved concerns the level at which government support of the arts should be set.

To help Congress and concerned citizens come up with informed answers, a new group--the National Committee for Cultural Resources--has been created to survey the arts and their economics. Headed by Amyas Ames, who is also chairman of Lincoln Center, its 19 members include representatives from the arts and labor in various parts of the country. The Rockefeller, Mellon, Ford, and other foundations are contributing funds, personnel, and advice.

The National Committee for Cultural Resources will look into the extent of

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the financial problems facing the arts in America and will develop information on their economic and social benefit. "Our goal," Mr. Ames says, "is to recommend a policy on the arts. This is the first time this has been done--to have a single policy recommendation that will be distributed to Congress, the states, the towns, everywhere that the arts touch the people. To understand what is happening to the arts today, you have to remember generations ago to the time when education was going through a similar crisis. Everyone wanted universal education, and government funds at all levels were provided to meet the needs. The same thing has happened with medical research. Now the time of the arts has come."

SEPTEMBER SONGS. Beginning September 22, an all-encompassing, three-week Haydn Festival opens at the Kennedy Center in Washington. Along with daily all-Haydn concerts, there is also scheduled a musicological conference at which some 60 Haydn scholars from all over the world will participate in workshops and round-table discussions. Credit for the festival's conception goes to conductor Antal Dorati, the retiring music director of the National Symphony Orchestra (he will be succeeded by Mstislav Rostropovich, the Russian cellist-conductor, beginning with the 1977-78 season). For further information, write to Haydn Festival Office, Kennedy Center, Washington, D. C. 20566.

A year later, beginning September 7, 1976, the Kennedy Center will play host for two weeks to Milan's La Scala Opera. The company, 350-members strong, is being sent over by the Italian government as a tribute to the American Bicentennial. Details on repertoire will be announced later.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC BROADCASTS RESUME. After an eight-year hiatus, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will return to the air in early October with the help of a grant from Exxon Corporation. Concerts will be taped for later broadcast over approximately 160 participating commercial and public radio stations. The 39 programs to be broadcast each season will show off the entire gamut of Philharmonic activities--regular subscription, promenade, and rug concerts at Lincoln Center, outdoor park appearances, and concerts on tour. Programs to be heard this fall will include tapings made during the orchestra's European tour in early September.

Although different stations will schedule the New York Philharmonic concerts on different days and hours, all must agree to use prime time. In New York the programs will be heard over WQXR, AM and FM, on Sunday afternoons. This was the traditional time for Philharmonic broadcasts when they were picked up "live." At the time when the broadcasts went off the air in 1967, they held a record for longevity. The Philharmonic had been heard on the radio every season since 1922, first locally in New York, then over the CBS network beginning in 1930. Perhaps the most memorable of all Philharmonic broadcasts took place on December 7, 1941, when an announcer broke into the music to say that Pearl Harbor had just been attacked by Japanese planes.

Coincident with news of the resumed broadcasts came an announcement that Pierre Boulez, the New York Philharmonic's music director, would resign at the end of the 1976-77 season. The Boulez departure had been anticipated ever since it was learned that he had agreed to serve as head of the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique. Better known as IRCAM, the institute is to be a center for the study and musical exploration of sonic phenomena. Its headquarters will be in the Centre Beaubourg, a new arts complex going up in the old Halles quarter of Paris.

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An American Debut:

The Big Bolshoi Brand of Grand Opera

by Irving Kolodin

Opera has long been celebrated as second in line only to horse racing as the sport of kings, queens, and royalty in general, not excluding czars. With all that went out of Russian life when the czars did, and all that came in with the commissars, one regal custom remained. Opera that was "big enough" for Imperial Moscow remained "big enough" for Communist Moscow—big enough for the Bolshoi to retain its rank as the premiere company east of Vienna. It was so between wars, and it is so again as the company is about to make its first visit ever to the United States.

Many Americans believe that the great ballet and opera companies that are visiting America this year are "Bolshoi" because they come from the land of the Bolsheviks. True, but not true.

There were Bolsheviks before the October Revolution because there were more of them than there were Mensheviks. Or, to refine the language a little: the term came to currency in 1903 with the London Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, when the left wing of the party, headed by Lenin, outvoted its opponents on a crucial issue. Because they were the "bigger" of the two groups, they became known as the Bolshevik (from *bolshe*—"larger") faction, as opposed to the Mensheviks (*menshe*—"smaller"). In like philological manner, the former Imperial Opera House became the Bolshoi because it was bigger than anything else in the country. Indeed, only the Metropolitan in New York and the Kennedy Center Opera House in Washington, of all the opera theaters in the world, can take the big, broad, Bolshoi brand of grand opera without serious scenic compression.

What the viewers in New York (beginning on June 25) and Washington will see are productions on a scale famed

Alexander Vedernikov as General Kutuzov in the Bolshoi Opera's War and Peace—*"A paint-fresh treatment of the stunning 1959 production."*

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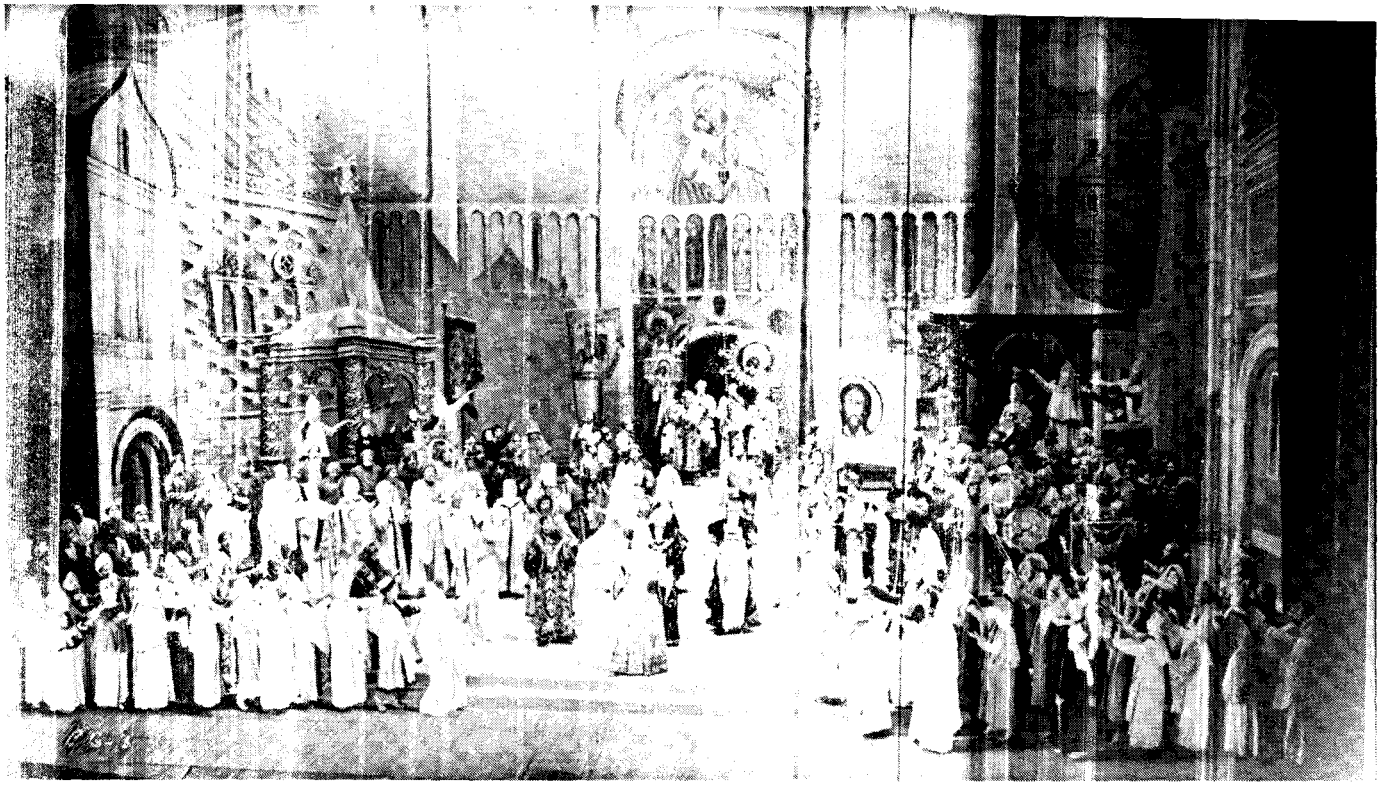

The Coronation Scene, Boris Godunov—*"The sport of kings, queens, royalty in general, not excluding czars."*

for grandeur and spaciousness even before the theater acquired its present name. Audiences will, indeed, see productions of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* and *Eugene Onegin* much as they were when the operas were new, in the nineteenth century. Likewise, the twentieth-century portions of the repertory (Prokofiev's *The Gambler* and *War and Peace* and Kiril Molchanov's *The Dawns Are Quiet Here*) are not much more contemporary in stagecraft or in the use of the mechanized means with which the Metropolitan's stage is so well provided.

This is not because Russian scenic designers are unaware of such innovations, or because Russian industrial might is too busy turning out tractors and other farm equipment to produce revolving turntables and stage elevators. It is, rather, because the Bolshoi Opera shares its stage and season with the Bolshoi Ballet. Nothing may be done to the traditionally "raked" (slanted) stage floor to jeopardize its usage by the world's premiere dance company. Even more important, nothing may be done that would in the least compromise the famously "soft" (springy) floor that is the ballet's proudest possession and that contributes much to the dancers' levitation. When a Bolshoi star became, for the moment, a fallen star of the dance world (as the marvelous Natalia Bessmertnova did on one harrowing moment in a Metropolitan performance of *Ivan the Terrible*), the silent curses were directed not to the malign gods above, but to the (deleted) floor below.

The appearance, between the names of Tchaikovsky and Prokofiev, of Kiril Molchanov may cause some to wonder whether he is a new figure in the firmament of Russian operatic luminaries. Possibly the production, in July, of *The Dawns Are Quiet Here* (which had its Moscow premiere as recently as late April) will establish his right to such recognition. Meantime, Molchanov is more than reasonably well established as director of the Bolshoi Theatre of the U.S.S.R. (to give him his full, formal title), a position he has occupied since 1973. He is also tour director for the American visit of the two companies. This means a composite strength of more than 600 of the Soviet Union's finest artists, artisans, and technicians. They have, on the scale represented by these two entities, never before been simultaneously absent from the Soviet Union. During the Bolshoi Opera's visits to New York and Washington, the Bolshoi Ballet will wend its by-now customarily westward way to the Pacific Coast.

Should there be any presumption that Molchanov the composer is enjoying special consideration from Molchanov the director, the short, appropriate word is probably *"nyet."* A tall, trim-looking, close-cropped man in his early 50s (Yul Brynner in his prime could have done an effective portrayal of him), Molchanov takes particular pride in being a composer whose *An Unknown Soldier* made it to the Bolshoi stage in 1967, half a dozen years before he made it to the director's office.

Rather more to the point are some other career details. A graduate first of Moscow's Central Music School (which has also prepared such current celebrities as Ashkenazy, Rostropovich, Kogan, Igor Oistrakh, conductors Gennadi Rozhdestvensky and Dmitri Shostakovich for higher musical education), Molchanov majored in piano and composition at the Moscow Conservatory. He has written eight operas and scores for more than 50 films and plays. Even more telling, he has (according to the Bolshoi Ballet's souvenir tour book) "for many years" been secretary of the Union of Soviet Composers—hardly a post for a Soviet deviant or irregular.

In an interview conducted in the Metropolitan's press room during the engagement of the Ballet, Molchanov was —with an interpreter as intermediary— direct, informative, and responsive, especially on the manner in which the two huge enterprises under his direction mesh or intermingle. Each has its own artistic director: the outstanding creator-choreographer Yuri Grigorovich for the Ballet, Molchanov himself for the Opera.

The efforts of the combined staffs (more than 3,000 persons) are dispersed over not one, but two large stages: the

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famous expanse of the Bolshoi and the newer Kremlin Palace of Congress. Each has its limitations: despite the great backstage area, the Bolshoi's wide-flung horseshoe auditorium seats only 2,200 (because of its innumerable boxes); the Palace of Congress, for its outsized capacity of 6,000, requires amplification to the individual seat.

Molchanov is properly proud of the "60 titles" in the present active repertory of the two companies. They perform alternately in two auditoriums (save for "days off" and 10 dates a month when the Palace of Congress is available for rental to non-Bolshoi users). When the Ballet is on tour, the company's resources are such that another ensemble can fill home needs. When the Opera is in America, however, it will be spelled by a guest engagement of the Stockholm Royal Opera, whose attractions will include Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

This offering brings up a fine point of repertory. There has been no Wagner at the Bolshoi for decades. "No discrimination," says Molchanov. "Wagner was not very acceptable to the public" over the war years. Molchanov is hopeful, however, that this attitude will change during his administration and that Wagner will be performed again. "In Russian?" I queried. "Of course," said Molchanov. "That is our tradition." As the Stockholm Opera has *its*, the Moscow public will hear its present *Ring* in Swedish, in preparation for its eventual restoration in the non-original Russian. For that matter, added Molchanov, "We are always happy when guest artists can perform their roles in Russian." That applies, he noted, to the other repertory —Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, Rossini—as it comes and goes.

In addition to viewing "his" Bolshoi as a repository for "all the best things that were created by the Russian classics" and noting that this rich source of great music is "better represented in the Bolshoi repertory than it ever was before," Molchanov has a particular, personal pride: together, the two companies have the largest repertory of scores by Serge Prokofiev of all the theaters in the world. The breakdown shows four ballets—*Romeo and Juliet, Cinderella, Stone Flower*, and the new *Ivan the Terrible*—and three operas—*War and Peace, Simeon Kotko*, and *The Gambler* (based on the Dostoevsky novel). "How about *The Fiery Angel*?" I asked. (Prokofiev left the score behind in Paris when he returned to Russia in 1928, and it was not rediscovered and premiered until after his death in 1953.)

Molchanov's answer was a brief no. Then he added: "My dream, and I hope to live long enough to see it realized, is to give Prokofiev's *The Love of the Three Oranges*" (an early, charming work of the prolific Prokofiev which has, unaccountably, never enjoyed the favor in the U.S.S.R. that it does elsewhere in the operatic world).

As Molchanov mentioned in passing, *War and Peace* was not much given in 1974, because some of its principal performers were ailing; the opportunity was taken to renew and restore the production, and what will be seen in America is a paint-fresh treatment of the stunning 1959 production. This, in the words of Boris Schwarz, a leading American authority on music in the Soviet Union, is a production "no Western opera house can hope to match."

This epical work, which Prokofiev personally believed to be the crowning glory of his career, has a history curiously like the work which is, unquestionably, the crowning glory of Moussorgsky's career, *Boris Godunov*. Both were written and rewritten, revised and amended, rather more than would seem expectable from composers of such distinction. In both instances, a certain amount of advice emanated from governmental sources: in that of Moussorgsky, from a St. Petersburg censor of the 1870s, who thought his first version, lacking the Polish scene and thus lacking a principal female performer, was unsatisfactory; in that of Prokofiev (in his own words), "in the light of the tasks with which we Soviet composers were confronted by the decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of 10 February, 1948."

In both instances, however, the input was contributory to the output. The ob-

A scene from The Gambler, *based on the Dostoevsky novel—"The Bolshoi is a repository for all the best things that were created by the Russian classics."*

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jective view from the outside helped the composer to shape a more varied work than he had been able to perceive, subjectively, from the inside. Moussorgsky's adaptation of Pushkin's play does not tell a consecutive story, any more than Prokofiev's extraction (with the aid of his second wife, Mira Mendelson) of scenes from Tolstoy's mammoth novel does. Both amount, in the aggregate, to a "chronicle play"—a sequence of scenes that deals with participants in a panorama of history, though some never confront each other, and the connecting links have to be supplied by the viewer.

Prokofiev's task was, of course, even more formidable than Moussorgsky's. It was tempting for him to concentrate on the aspects of the novel that dealt with peace—Andrei and Natasha are ready-made for the love scenes of a romantic opera, as Anatole and Princess Hélène are for the counterforces that come between them—and to let the war be a rumble in the background.

But the year in which Prokofiev began to compose *War and Peace* was 1941, and the danger to Russia was as mortal as it had been in 1811 and 1812. When the first 11 scenes were finished, in 1942, and a piano score was sent for approval to the Committee of the Arts, the answer came back in praise of its lyric content, but with a demand for more choral matter to emphasize the plight of Mother Russia and to point the parallel of history repeating itself. Eventually, the work grew to a Gargantua of 13 scenes (of which the added "War Council at Fili," in which Kutuzov makes his momentous decision to abandon Moscow in order to save Russia, is one of the best). A production at the old Metropolitan was talked about as early as 1944, but never materialized.

The first representative staging was by the Maly Theatre of Leningrad in 1955; it was a shortened version prepared by Prokofiev himself for a performance of normal length on a single evening. The verdict was that too much known to be good in the score had been left out. It was the 1959 production by the Bolshoi—which brought together everything, with minimal exceptions, in a Wagner-length single-evening version—that established the work's appeal and that has led to performances as remote from the U.S.S.R. as Sydney, Australia, where it opened the new Opera House in September 1973 (See *SR/W*, October 9, 1973).

For all the problems *War and Peace* presented, it was, at the end of Prokofiev's life, an entity totally his own. *Boris* was, is, and always will be another kind of problem. As the fine new Metropolitan production (in the season recently ended) demonstrated, even a "pure" rendering of Moussorgsky will end up with some retouching here and there: a conductor will, just before the moment of ultimate truth, decide that a single clarinet will never be heard, and order the addition of a second, thus in his own way "tampering" with the "document."

Tamara Milashkina in Pique Dame—*"The ebb and flow of Tchaikovsky."*

For its part, the Bolshoi under Molchanov is content to abide by the Rimsky-Korsakov version of the 1890s, with the addition of the St. Basil scene as orchestrated by Mikhail Ippolitov-Ivanov. Queried on this point, Molchanov made another reference to "tradition" and offered this view: "Perhaps in a few years we can give a new version of *Boris* with the Shostakovich editing. That would be more contemporary." But, as those who heard such a production in New York 20 years ago remember, no closer to Moussorgsky's intent and much louder than Rimsky's version.

In my private, pre-performance judgment, the Bolshoi Opera visit will be remembered for many things musically, but above all, for the treatment of the two Tchaikovsky scores. Not because they are dramatically superior to that of *War and Peace* or because the music has greater impact than that of *Boris*, but because non-Russian performances of *Pique Dame* and *Eugene Onegin* have rarely penetrated wholly to the heart of the matter. And, if you don't get to the heart of Tchaikovsky, the result is not even a near miss.

The secret detail that is lost on most Western interpreters of the Tchaikovsky operas is that they were written by the same man who wrote *Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty*, and *The Nutcracker*—three of the greatest works in the balletic repertory. They require—for anything like justice to such extended episodes as Tatiana's "Letter Scene" in *Onegin* or Lisa's duet with Pauline in act 1 of *Pique Dame*—a sure, flexible sense of the ebb and flow, the give and take of tempi that are inherent in Tchaikovsky's ballet scores. Without an indoctrination to such values, the singing is bound to be stilted, over-regimented. With it, the answer may be finally given why New York opera-goers have, over the years since Gustav Mahler first conducted *Pique Dame* at the Metropolitan in 1909–1910, failed to respond in proportion to the merit of the music. They simply haven't heard it right.

Perhaps it was this consideration, plus the lengthy Russian-English conversation with Molchanov, that gave rise to a conversation I heard (or imagined) as I was walking across the Lincoln Center Plaza toward Broadway. Two visitors clearly not native to the scene were gazing at the fountain and at the Metropolitan, with its Chagall wall paintings, in the distance.

What I overheard sounded like: "Strange the capitalists should have such a fine opera house when they really don't care about opera." "What makes you say that?" asked the second. "Simple," his friend replied. "You know I read all the foreign magazines in the library in Moscow and I see in *Opera News* all the time how the Metropolitan needs money. If the Americans really loved operas, as we Russians do, they would have all the money they need, just as our great Bolshoi company does."

Whether this conversation took place or not, there is scarcely a doubt that the Soviet visitors know exactly what the score is with their hosts: a fine modern opera house in New York, which may or may not have all the means in hand to provide the kind of company, next season, that it requires, and an equally attractive, smaller home for opera in Washington, where the resident operatic enterprise was, at last report, aching for lack of funds. Clearly there are many things the Russians can teach us about opera in addition to the performance of it. □

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Nueva York's Salsa Music

by Robert Farris Thompson

An afternoon in Mt. Morris Park . . .
the park becomes Africa:
color the shuffle / black brother brother
brother, brother, hurl drum into sky
make sun come, hot pulse flaming. YEAH!
—Larry Neal, Rhythm Is a Groove (#2)

An important re-emergence has occurred in American popular music. New York "Latin" music has come back, stronger than ever, while rock is beginning to fade. After years of over-stimulation, a new generation of Americans are beginning to find deeper satisfactions in music played by New York "Latin" bands. This new music is called *salsa*—which, properly understood, means "hot, piquant sauce." It is a double metaphor: the music combines heat and savor as a function of its swinging, hard-driving, overlapping syncopations, which derive from the great Afro-Cuban traditions of dance music.

The discipline involved in making the sauce is formidable. New York's Afro-Cuban salsa, whether strongly or discreetly served, blends together, like the subtlest of curries, music from many traditions. The term "salsa" refers, in other words, not only to piquant Afro-Cuban phrasing but also to the blending together of different kinds of musical power, at the highest level of creative discourse. For example, John Storm Roberts, in an excellent overview published recently in *The Village Voice*, talks about one Orquesta Harlow salsa violin solo "that's one-third Latin and two-thirds Central European gypsy." He also cites Eddie Palmieri's already famous prelude to his "Adoración," wherein he blends avant-garde rock, Debussy, John Cage, and Chopin without overwhelming the basic Afro-Cuban flavor. In the largest city in the world, a new world music, it might be said, is being born.

Such is its intensity that Puerto Ricans, standing before the orchestra, are sometimes moved to shout, "*Dale, dale!*" ("Give with it, give with it!"), encouraging further marvels. Or people shout, "*Ay, na' ma'!*"—a contraction of "*Ay, nada más!*" meaning, "Just that, no more!" referring essentially to a momentary esthetic perfection, like a landscape suddenly opening up before the window of a passing train.

The passionate commitment of vast audiences is one reason why New York's Spanish-speaking musicians are rising to their historical destiny. On demographic grounds alone (some 1.5 million Puerto Ricans live within New York's five boroughs), something vital is going on. This is a far more esthetically significant blend than the swing-bop-mambo hybrids of the Fifties or the boogaloo-mambos of the late Sixties. Philip Scourby, a student of Afro-Cuban trends who grew up in Brooklyn and went to school with Puerto Ricans in the Sixties, tells us why: the young performers of Afro-Cuban music in New York today begin from a base of rock, jazz, soul, blues, and Western concert music; they also build upon a strong understanding of the structural advances in mambo composition and improvisation (mainly pioneered by Eddie Palmieri and Barry Rogers) made between about 1962 and 1968. "These are *their* roots," Scourby adds, alluding to an almost Hellenistic richness of international possibilities and rule-breaking creative re-combinations.

The audience for this universalizing "Latin" style is largely bilingual. Most are second-generation Puerto Rican, at home in jazz and mambo, black argot and the idioms of San Juan. Increasing numbers of English-speaking North Americans share their tastes, attracted to a fresh source of intelligent energy. Some, like Scourby, have gone to school with Puerto Ricans, speak a smattering of Spanish, and, armed with superbly representative LP collections, have become existential experts. They can applaud imaginative passages in the jazz of the Art Ensemble of Chicago and in the Afro-Cubanized, jazz-flavored Puerto Rican folk music of Rafael Cortijo.

Recently, a young New Haven jazz connoisseur, David Marshall Rawling, told me how he had spotted Don Cherry citations on trumpet over salsa drumming at a festival in New York's Soho district some months ago. He also found it significant that Art Webb, who used to work with Pharaoh Sanders, the famous disciple of the late John Coltrane, now plays with the Ray Barretto salsa band in Puerto Rican parts of town. The gravitational pull of salsa is increasing. Yesterday Santana converted mambo into rock. Today Stevie Wonder Afro-Cubanizes "Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing" (Tamla LP T326Vi) and reflects a trend. I saw Stevie Wonder's playing of that composition ignite thousands of blacks at a concert held in Long Island's Nassau Coliseum.

THE SOUL OF SALSA is Afro-Cuban. Afro-Cuban music, deep in memory, divides into a rich array of genres—*rumba guaguancó, son montuno, bolero, mambo, cha-cha-cha, pachanga, mozambique*—each of which reflects the positive imposition of independent minds. Ray Barretto is such a master. Born of Puerto Rican parents in New York City, he grew up around Prospect Avenue and 163rd Street, in a Spanish-speaking section of the Bronx. While serving in the U.S.

Ray Barretto—He and the members of his salsa band feel "their talents derive from higher sources—destiny and the power of tradition."

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Army in Germany, in 1952, Barretto happened to hear a record by Chano Pozo, perhaps the most important black Cuban drummer of this century. "That," says Barretto, "turned my life around."

He was soon playing conga drums for José Curbelo and Tito Puente, appearing—between 1955 and 1959—at the Palladium and elsewhere in New York. In 1960, at the peak of the so-called charanga craze, Barretto formed a violin-flavored ensemble in the fashion of that mode. But by 1966 charanga was passé, and Barretto switched to a leaner format—piano, percussion, trumpet—and weathered the rock years. His courage paid off. Today the band has evolved to the point where three trumpeters stand up to blow flaming statements over flowing supportive sound from piano, bass, flute, timbals, bongo, two singers (themselves often wielding African-derived strikers or rattles), and conga drums.

The men of the Barretto band are self-conscious in the best expressive sense. They know their music is important. They also feel their talents derive from higher sources—destiny and the power of tradition. The lead trumpeter, a strongly built man named Roberto Rodríguez, himself born in Cienfuegos, on the south coast of central Cuba, has composed an important work, *Que Viva la Música*, on an LP of the same name (Fania LP 00427), with lyrics that outline, by way of praise, sources of the salsa manner:

Que viva la música africana
Que viva la música cubana
Que viva la música puerto-riqueña

This makes explicit the contribution of three great musical traditions—African, Afro-Cuban, and Afro-Puerto Rican—to the formation of modern salsa. The African element is extremely interesting. Virtually all the major percussion instruments of New York salsa music—claves, guiro, tumbadora (conga drum)—derive from West Africa, via Cuba, as does the basic clave beat (one, two; one-two-three). At least one modern African jazz musician, Manu Dibango, is accepted as an honorary Puerto Rican at mambo festivals about the city. But the most important source of inspiration remains the basic African-influenced cult music of Cuba. This latter font exists, of course, as a consequence of the nineteenth-century slave trade to Cuba, when thousands of blacks were annually taken violently from Yorubaland, modern southwestern Nigeria; Ejagham and Efik territory, northeast of the modern port of Calabar in southeastern Nigeria; and the Congo and Angola.

Descendants of these men and women have brought from the barrios of western Cuba to New York three great African musical traditions: (1) *Lucumí*, centered on the worship of major deities of the Yoruba, such as Elegba, trickster extraordinaire; Shango, the thundergod; and Obatala, god of creativity; (2) *Abakuá*, an Afro-Cuban brotherhood, preserving the speech, dress, mime, and drumming of the Ekpe Society of the Ejagham; certain of their members don privileged checkered garments with raffia fringes and dance in them, communicating in secret mime, telling of the power of the ancient rulers of Ejagham; (3) *Palo*, the world of the Kongo in Cuba, directed by black ritual experts who have deepened the culture of the island with tales, dances, cures, and drums. Palo ceremonies are conducted in mixed Castilian and Ki-Kongo idiom. Some of its fire-tuned drums were adapted, in Cuba, into new forms, resulting in the well-known conga drum (the name is not accidental).

THE BARRETTO BAND HONORS these sub-Saharan musics, but ingeniously creates, within partial citation of their ancient forms, personal space for comment on modern heroes and modern aspirations. For example, a Kongo-derived composition, *Bruca Maniguá* (on Fania LP 00427), essentially protests the outrage of nineteenth-century Cuban slavery and the cruelty of *mundele*, the Ki-Kongo word for white man. Barretto told me he primarily recorded this number to honor its late composer, the great black guitarist Arsenio Rodríguez, who was "into the nitty-gritty of slavery and freedom long before it was the thing to do." Indelible qualities of ethnic pride are also stamped upon another composition, "Soy Abakuá" ("I Am a Member of Abakuá"), forthcoming on Barretto's next LP. Written by one of the singers in the band, Rubén Blades, this song partially evokes "the beautiful African things of Abakuá in Cuba, their African plumed drums, their costumes, and their signs." I saw a known member of this all-powerful black society, now resident in Spanish Harlem, lean across the bandstand at

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Casino 14, on Fourteenth Street in Manhattan, and request from Blades this very number. He complied, and the Abakuá member made secret signs and challenges before the microphone to another member in the audience. The dance hall, for several seconds, became a part of Africa.

The Yoruba or Lucumí presence in salsa can be frequent, but, like the touches of Kongo vocabulary and Abakuá lore, it is used more as a basis for spirited improvisation and praise-singing of black tradition than as a substantive element of style. These are Afro-Cuban songs *about* the Yoruba in Cuba and the Yoruba in New York rather than re-creations of the ancient songs per se. For example, Barretto plays these days a *son montuno* that warns against the wiles of the Yoruba trickster deity, Elegba, here slightly Christianized as the "Diablo" (Fania SLP 00456). This is balanced by another song, "El Hijo de Obatala" (on the same LP), which extols the good works of a devotee of Obatala, the Yoruba god of creativity and mental purity. The devotee finds ultimate contentment ("*Ya se contentó*") by unifying people in the pleasure of his drumming. Barretto explains: "The song deals with the brotherhood of the drum—come join me in the drum, we shall be brothers in the drum." "Diablo" talks about the wages of selfish individualism, over which the infamous trickster presides, while "El Hijo de Obatala" talks about forgetting self in bringing others unifying pleasure in significant sound.

As a matter of fact, the heat of individualist creative assertion and the cool of communal peace and pleasure create the tension that makes salsa music so fundamental an urban expression. This tension shapes, for example, the playing of Puerto Rican folk motifs as a part of salsa. What I think I hear Rafael Cortijo saying, in his monumental LP "Cortijo & His Time Machine" (Coco CLP 108), would go something like this: "I shall honor my ancestors, their Kongo bomba rhythms from the north of Puerto Rico, but I shall also honor the individual dreams of my fellow Puerto Ricans in New York, adding to the fast tempo of the bomba a thousand reflections of what we learn and face and live in Nueva York —mambo, rock, *son montuno*, jazz, even the famous hi-dee-hi-dee-hi-dee-ho scatting of Cab Calloway, if I so desire. My music is a time machine and I will bring the past and present to a simmering boil over the tumbaos [bass riffing patterns] and guajeos [treble riffing patterns] of Afro-Cuban music. It will be Puerto Rico within Cuba within Nueva York within the world. We are on the move. You cannot stop us, let alone dictate academic boundaries."

If Cortijo and Ray Barretto are writing manifestos in music, they temper the heat of their ambition with attention to the dulcet demands of dance and dance melody, so that people can move in pleasure to the cadences of the revolution. They balance off tradition and modern urban life, motif and freedom, intensity and collectedness of mind. They are true sons of Obatala, and the delicious heat and drive of their salsa music conceals an inner coolness causing calm and clarity, so that we can see what really is going on in the Spanish-speaking portions of the largest city of the world. □

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Photography

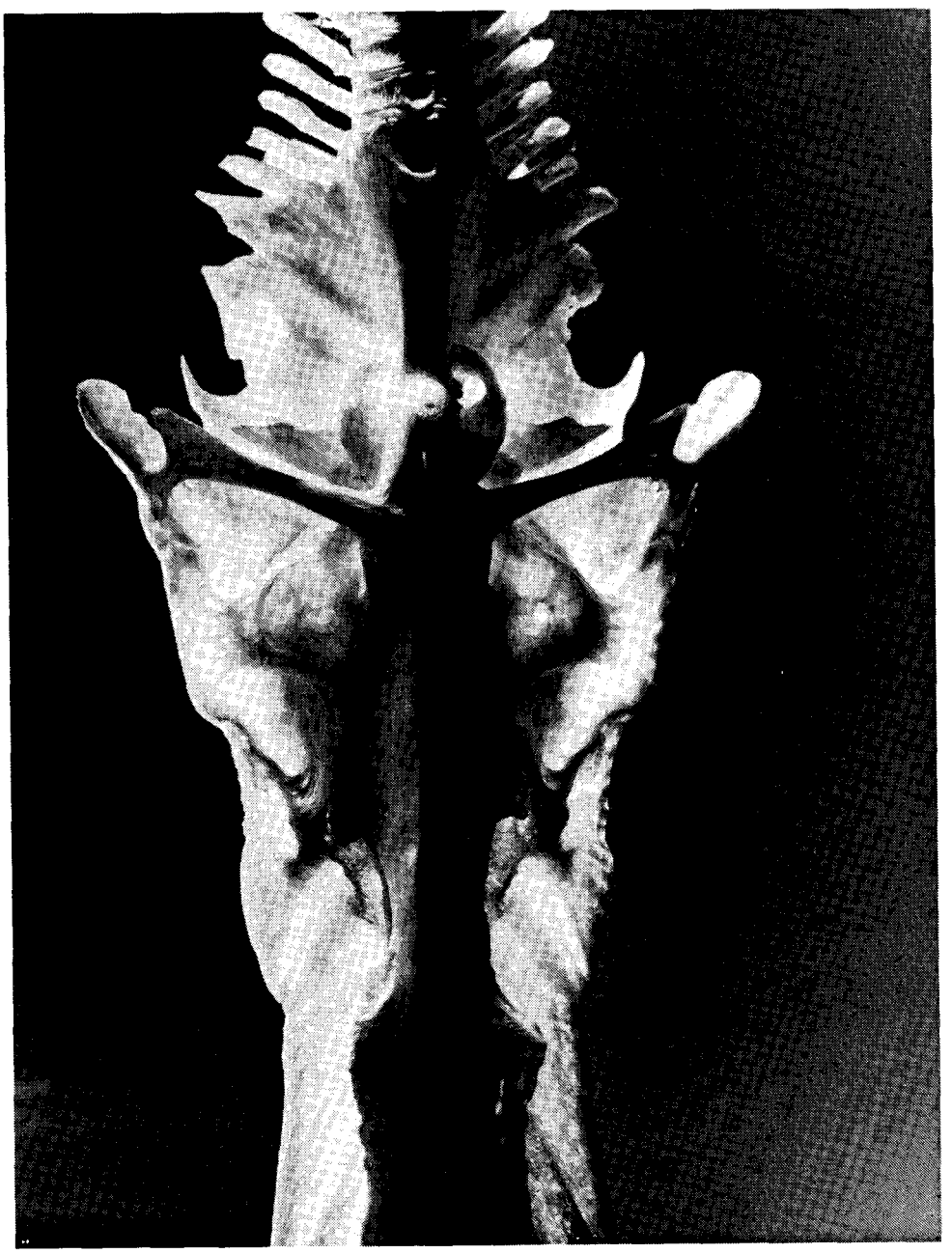
Random Collection, Rich Harvest

by Margaret R. Weiss

Some time ago, searching for a phrase to describe the work of Andreas Feininger, I realized that Wordsworth had already penned a fitting one: "the harvest of a quiet eye." Now the latest of Feininger's almost two dozen books, *Roots of Art* (Viking), reaffirms the aptness of the metaphor.

Those familiar with any of Feininger's earlier volumes—from *Maids, Madonnas and Witches* and *The Anatomy of Nature* to *The World Through My Eyes* and *Forms of Nature and Life*—will not be misled by the modest "Sketchbook of a Photographer" subtitle or by the author's introductory comment that the book is merely "a random collection of observations, notations, impressions, conclusions, and thoughts." No work bearing his signature has ever been either random or sketchy.

Whether exposing film or expounding theory, he is systematic, analytical, unhurried. Years of travel and painstaking search have gone into assembling comprehensive photo-anthologies of trees, shells, rocks, and insects. In all these, as in the current selection of 190 photographs, his aim has been "to present subjects in a particularly informative and at the same time aesthetically pleasing form." Flawless control of his medium interests him more than flamboyant effect; by temperament and by choice he has always been more at home in the darkroom than in the spotlight of the workshop circuit or the limelight of TV talk shows.



Skull of a catfish

A SPAN OF 30 YEARS separated his first architectural shooting assignments in Stockholm and the final American cityscapes he completed as a veteran staff photographer for *Life*. To his career the Paris-born Bauhaus graduate brought a diversified background: family life that centered around painting and music, a never-lost boyhood enthusiasm for nature studies, a technical-school diploma, training as a cabinetmaker, a degree in architecture. Much of this experience—especially his respect for craftsmanship, unflagging curiosity about the whys of the world, and appreciative eye for the beauty of natural forms and structures—is reflected in the ideas and images Feininger invites readers to share.

Roots of Art reveals not only the roots of the "complete photographer" but also the flowering of a credo that links nature, technology, and art. For him, "everything made by human hands and most things conceived by the human mind have their prototypes in nature." Contours, structures, colors, textures, patterns—the universal alphabet to be found throughout the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms—demonstrate the kinship between inorganic and organic, natural and man-made. Traveling the path of a Lucretius-with-a-lens, we are reminded that "there are certain universal principles that apply equally to people and beasts; the atoms and molecules that form the human body are identical with those that constitute rocks and plants and animals." (And the warning of the ecologist is echoed, too: "All things, living and inanimate, are totally interde-

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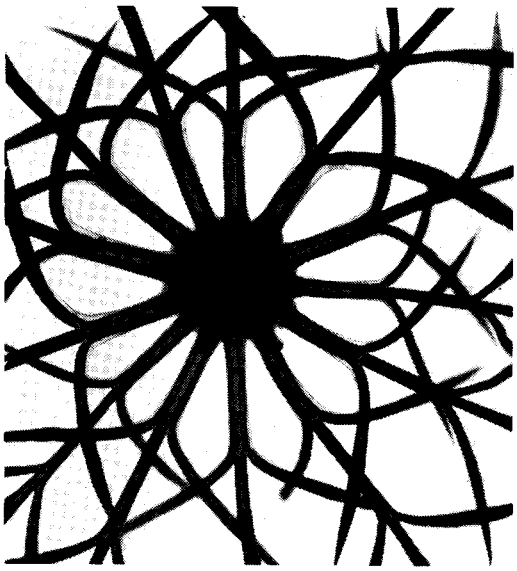

Flower-supporting structure of Queen Anne's lace

pendent. . . . Nothing is ever lost. I live on borrowed material, mine to use but not to waste.")

Inductively, Feininger builds his thesis about man's primary source of scientific and artistic inspiration. Guided by his camera, we can see where nature anticipated the hinge and the ball-and-socket joint, ribbed vaulting and the rose window. Layered structures—from oyster shell and tree trunk to massive Pyramid—exemplify the same underlying process of growth by accretion; the cactus, thorned rose, and spiny anteater are precursors of barbed wire; the skeletal complex of a bird's pelvis and that of a ship's keel both exhibit the same engineering principle of maximum strength with minimum weight and expenditure of material.

Looking at a close-up of the flower-supporting structure of Queen Anne's lace or studying the frieze-like patterning on a *Turbo petholantus* shell, no one would deny its timeless design potential. Nor is there reason to dispute the assertion that "nature is a sculptor on a cosmic scale." A sculptor builds by adding clay to clay, then chips away to free the form; nature's way is by successive accretion and erosion. As the photographer views them, waterworn pebbles, concretions of hardened clay on lime-coated grains of sand, fish skeletons, and carpenter-ant carvings are among the "roots" of primitive and modern sculpture; the patterns and colors found in

Carpenter-ant galleries carved in heartwood of an oak

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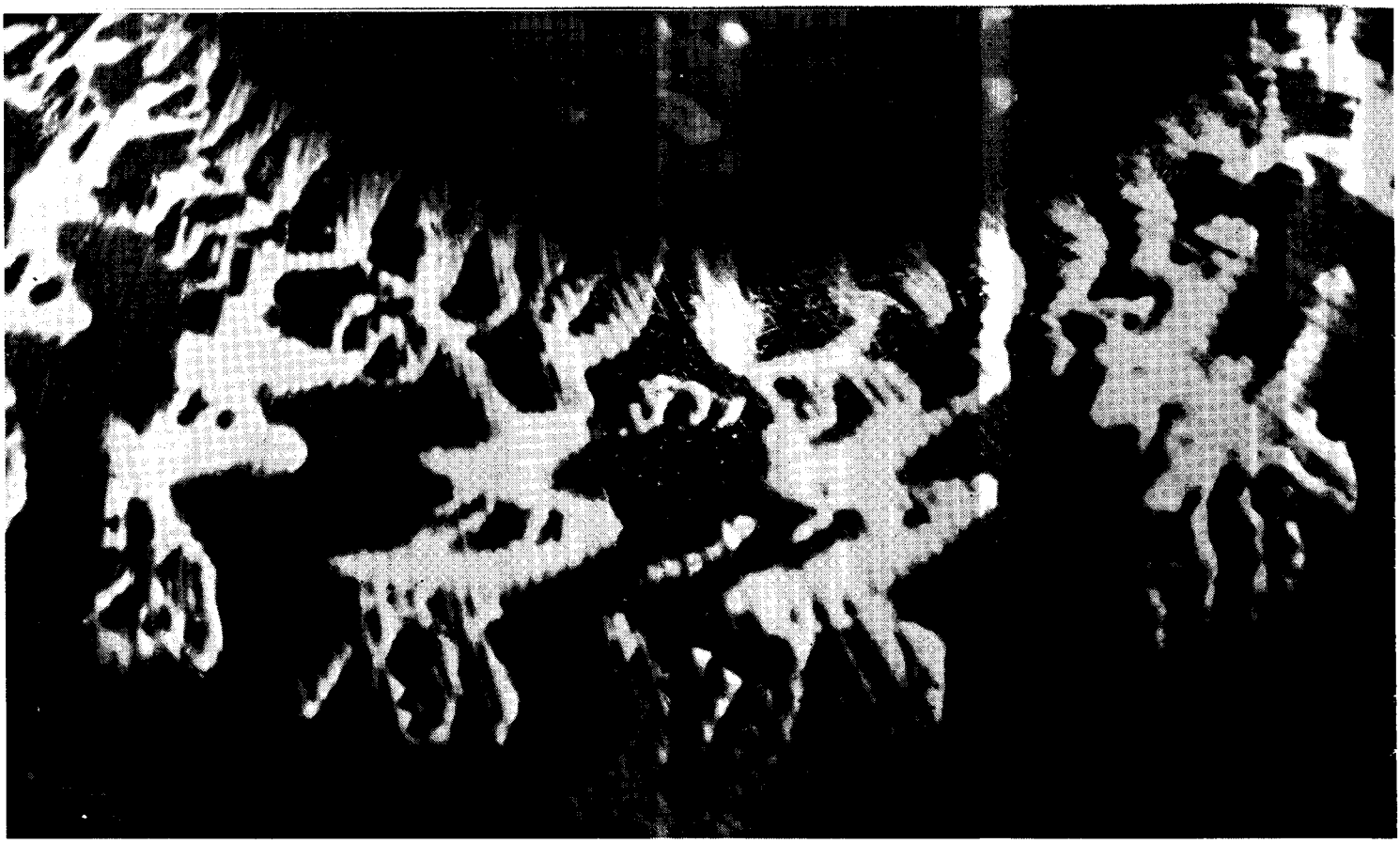
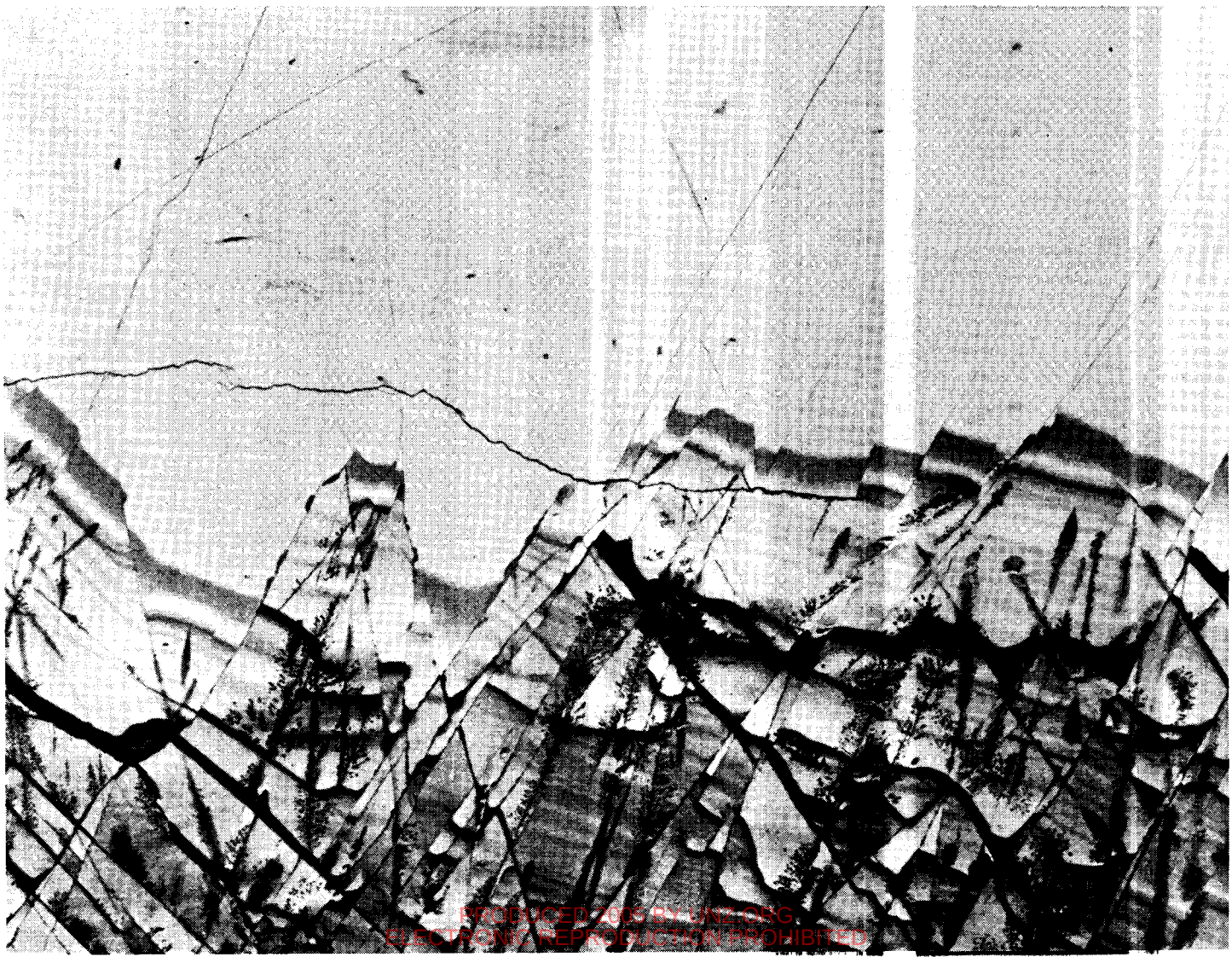


Turbo petholantus *Linné, a shell with frieze-like ornamentation*



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rocks, shells, and feathers are repeated in body ornamentation and the decoration of artifacts.

ALTHOUGH FEININGER'S THEORIZING may at times be on thin ice rather than on hard rock, his supportive photographic evidence remains impressive for its informative and esthetic appeal. Schooled in the classic Bauhaus tradition of "elimination of the non-essential," he uses two techniques to maximum effect. Literally making mountains out of molehills, he deploys a close-up lens to free the subject from extraneous background elements. Focusing on broader vistas, he lets his telephoto lens compress foreground space to capture in close perspective the contours of a menhir or the sweeping outline of a mountain range.

In his hands these lenses are tools for sharing the breadth of vision and depth of insight that make a philosopher as well as a good photographer. *Roots of Art* projects Feininger in both roles; the "quiet eye" has reaped a rich harvest. □

Human elbow joint (a multiple exposure)

Coiled tentacle of a passionflower

◄ *Cross section through Italian marble derived from mud and limestone sediments*

One modification of feather design, each form determined by function ►

Photographs by Andreas Feininger, from *Roots of Art* (Viking)

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

The Homecoming of Barbara Jean

There's probably a lot that goes on in Nashville, Tenn., that doesn't have anything to do with country-and-western music. But never having so much as passed through the place, I know only what I hear, and most of the time—when I have the car radio on while traveling through the South—I try not to hear it. That brands me, I suppose, as having a cold, cold heart, one unresponsive to the wailing voices and the keening violins so many millions respond to. On the other hand, having seen Robert Altman's new film, *Nashville*, I think I know more and understand more (about the South, about this country as it is right now) than I did before spending the two hours and 39 minutes in absorbed fascination. This is meant as a wholehearted tribute to Altman and his magnificent film. He has done something important, and maybe great; he has created an experience, a cultural artifact of sorts; and he has certainly moved the American film onto a new high plane.

To tell the truth, I had seen some of the film before. Knowing someone who knew Altman, I went along several months ago to a session at Altman's modest studio office on Westwood Boulevard in Los Angeles, where a good many hours of rushes were being pared down to some presentable form. Altman's enthusiasm for his work is such that he loves sharing it with others, and so it was that critic Pauline Kael got to see it in an assemblage considerably longer than the version now available to the public. Breaching what is considered rightful and normal critical practice, she trumpeted the news about the film to *New Yorker* readers well in advance of the final cut. I can understand her haste. Just seeing the rushes was, for me, exciting. Altman was clearly on to something, and it was as though he knew that this enormous quantity of film, much of which would have to be discarded, had value long before the last shaping.

In only five years, Altman has risen to pre-eminent rank among American (and world) filmmakers. Before *M*A*S*H* he had paid his dues by doing documentaries, working in television, and making a few features that had demonstrated promise rather than achievement. But with a huge hit that gave him the kind of respect necessary for relative freedom from the industry's typical caution, he has been developing what is apparently a huge talent. He is not particularly well liked in Hollywood, I have discovered. He's a thorny problem for the money boys, because he insists on doing it his own way, choosing subjects less for their commercial appeal than for their appeal to him. With *Thieves Like Us* he took an incisive look at violence and the Depression years, and with last year's *California Split*, a study of the gambler's mentality, he made a film so artistically and technically advanced that it went right over the heads of some, particularly in Hollywood, who appeared to be distressed by virtuosity and originality.

Nashville—*"Funny, rueful, satiric, saddening, inescapably American."*

WHAT IS *Nashville* about? It's about people primarily and a place secondarily. During that two hours and 39 minutes, Altman develops no fewer than 24 characters (played by knowns—like Barbara Harris and Karen Black—and lesser knowns), all of whom we meet in a time span of about 48 hours. Two things of importance (to the story) are going on: one is the homecoming of Barbara Jean (Ronee Blakley), a rising country-and-western star with severe emotional problems; the other involves preparations for a rally in behalf of a candidate for the Presidency, under the banner of the newly formed "Replacement Party." Altman spins us from one person to another, all in major or minor ways connected with what turns out to be the film's baleful climax. But before that happens, we are treated to a colorful, vastly entertaining, yet penetrating examination of a milieu, so somehow complete that it all seems caught and fixed. It's funny, it's rueful, it's satiric, it's saddening, and it's inescapably American. Sometimes you have to listen carefully—Altman likes to "throw away" his best lines.

The accompanying music is always there, but it doesn't seem forced upon us. Twenty-six songs were written and composed for the film, none of them parodistic; they all might have emerged from Nashville's recording studios. One is called "Since You've Gone"; another, "My Baby's Cookin' in Another Man's Pan." Some are sung at Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, others in bars, in nightclubs, and at picnic grounds. I suspect they're easier to take in the context of the film than they may be in the album that will be rushed to country-and-western fanciers.

The people, though, provide the real riches, and there are more gems of acting in this one film than in any other in my memory. No space to mention all of them, but I'll pick a few: Ned Beatty as a sleazy lawyer working for the Replacement Party and hoping to get twitchy Barbara Jean to perform at the big rally; Lily Tomlin as his wife, parading her liberalism by singing with a black church choir; Henry Gibson as Haven Hamilton, a leading singer with political ambitions;

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Ronee Blakley as Barbara Jean—"A rising country-and-western star."

Gwen Welles as a waitress whose voice is less appealing than her bodily attributes; Allen Garfield as Barbara Jean's husband-manager; and Geraldine Chaplin as an overly sophisticated lady from the BBC, in town to do a radio documentary on Nashville.

These characters and many more impinge on each other like atoms in collision. A mysterious fellow with a motor tricycle wanders around, slyly smiling as he does a few magic tricks; something is going on, so he's there. Old Mr. Green is worried about his wife, ill in the local hospital; his bewigged niece arrives from Los Angeles, but she's too busy following "important" people to bother to pay a visit. On the highway to town from the airport an accident occurs and, after it, a monstrous traffic jam. Barbara Jean, home from a nervous collapse, greets her throng of fans at the airport; she then promptly collapses again. Altman keeps the threads of his story entwined, yet clear, always going deeper into the motives, dreams, and secret yearnings of his people. Having taken so large a canvas, the film might have been expected to have a few knots and some over-reaching, but that doesn't happen. Altman is known to be an an improviser, and there's some of that, too. Elliott Gould shows up, and he's simply Elliott Gould, with people crowding around him because he's a movie star. Julie Christie happens by; she's Julie Christie. But it might have happened just that way; the two "real" persons fit nicely into the general scheme.

And that scheme? Nothing less nor more than a portrait of America, at a particular moment, in a certain place. An ambitious, audacious idea, and, astonishingly, it works. There's never been a film quite like it, and, like *Citizen Kane* and *The Best Years of Our Lives* and a few others, it should stand up monumentally for quite a while. □

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Honoring the American Bicentennial

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1. The Bicentennial Travel Photography Contest is for *amateur photographers only*. Professional photographers (individuals who earn income from taking or selling photographs) are not eligible; nor are employees of SATURDAY REVIEW or their families and relatives.
2. Contest entries must have been taken *on a trip made this year* and in a locale within the 50 states or in any commonwealth, possession, or trust territory of the U.S.
3. Black-and-white prints, color transparencies, and color prints are acceptable; prizes will be awarded in two categories: black-and-white and color.
4. Each entrant is limited to two entries in each category, i.e., two black-and-white prints and two color prints or two color transparencies or one color transparency and one color print.
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   (c) Developing and printing may be by the entrant or by a commercial photo-finisher. No artwork or retouching of print or negative is permitted.
   (d) No black-and-white entries will be returned.
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   (d) Color prints will not be returned. Transparencies will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope and protective cardboard.
7. Entries will be judged on photographic quality, originality of subject treatment, and the sense of place (locale, local color, etc.) they convey. The judges will be a panel of *SR* editors, and their decision will be final.
8. Winners will not be notified before December 1, but a list of winners will appear in the January issue of 1976.
9. *SR* will not be responsible for condition of entries upon receipt or upon return. The sender assumes all risks.
10. *SR* will not enter into correspondence with entrants about their entries; no letters accompanying entries will be acknowledged.
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    Original black-and-white and color negatives (as well as model releases) for prize-winning entries must be made available upon request.
12. Awards for winning photographs, which will be travel prizes (to be announced in subsequent issues), are neither transferable nor convertible to cash.

Entries must be postmarked no later than September 22, 1975. Mail entries to: Saturday Review Travel Photo Contest, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

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Dance

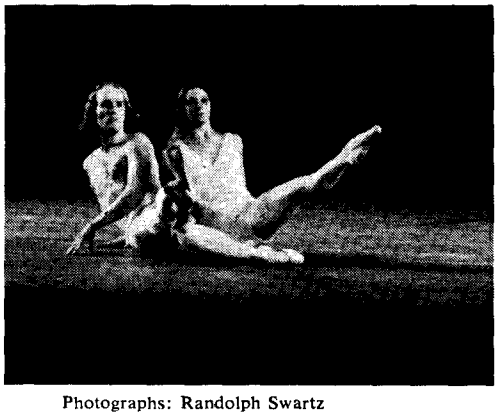
by Walter Terry

A Ballet Anniversary: Uniquely American

"Miz Roberts, mah tutu's droopin'." "That's all right, dollin'. Jest don't you worry."

But more than 100 young dancers *did* worry about tutus, toe shoes, and tights, about leaps and jumps and spins, about performing skills and choreographic promise, and, most important of all, about the mark that each would make in the almost fierce competition attendant upon a regional ballet festival. And this one, held in late April in Orlando, Fla., was especially important, for it marked the twentieth anniversary of the oldest regional ballet association (the Southeastern Regional Ballet), the mother-model for a ballet enterprise, unique to America, that has grown from five participating ballet groups in 1956 (the year of the first festival) to 125 today.

Regional ballets now populate five areas of the United States—Southeastern, Northeast, Pacific, Southwestern, Mid-States, as they identify themselves—with each region autonomous but with rules of incorporation, stipulation of non-professional status, acceptance of disinterested out-of-region adjudicators to select or reject companies and set programs for the five different annual festivals, and willingness to be supervised by the National Association for Regional Ballet (*SR/World*, November 20, 1973). Each region selects its own adjudicator—an impartial judge, demanding ever-higher standards of performing technique and choreographic craftsmanship each year, who must be chosen from a list of adjudicators approved by national headquarters.



Photographs: Randolph Swartz

Stan Bobo and Jan Tabachek in the Louisville Ballet's Invitation to Madness.

This year's adjudicator for the Southeastern Regional Ballet Festival was a charming but demanding, helpful but strict, enthusiastic but unswerving former dancer of distinction, Sally Brayley (Mrs. Anthony) Bliss. Her qualifications are exceptional, and her stamina—she visited two dozen companies, saw 86 ballets, watched countless classes, on a single swing through the Southeast region—is formidable.

Mrs. Bliss, as Sally Brayley, was well known as a soloist with the Metropolitan Opera, heading the dance cast in many operas and, in independent Met ballet productions, starring in the U.S. premiere of Antony Tudor's *Echoing of Trumpets*. She has also been featured with the City Center Joffrey Ballet, been a guest with the American Ballet Theatre, and co-starred in James Clouser's television version (Camera 3) of *L'Histoire du Soldat* (Stravinsky). She began her career in her native Canada, where she danced in everything from "The Grandstand Show" (for Canadian National Exhibition festivals, at 14), through TV and nightclub assignments, to the National Ballet of Canada.

Mrs. Bliss is currently co-director of Joffrey II (the junior edition of the City Center Joffrey Ballet) and director of the Classical Ballet School at Portledge (Long Island), N.Y. But her dedication to dance finds its major outlet in the regional ballet movement.

"This is where it all is," she says. "Decentralized American ballet. In the five regions are our audiences of the future. Our dancers come from here. And our choreographers are now coming from all these regional ballet centers across the country."

So convinced is Mrs. Bliss that choreographers of tomorrow will spring from the regions that she herself launched the Apprentice Choreographers Workshop program (eight young dance creators participated), a brilliant highlight of the three-day, Orlando-based festival which she had adjudicated.

Mrs. Bliss's belief in the great future of regionally nurtured choreography is enthusiastically supported by Doris Hering, executive director of the National Association for Regional Ballet and one of America's most distinguished dance leaders: "The hope for the future in choreography lies with these kids in the regional ballet. They start their experiments with high-level material—well-trained regional ballet dancers—so they are not saddled with bodies limited in technical range such as you would find in lesser groups or even in college dance programs where academic requirements may lessen dance concentration."

Former dancer Sally Brayley Bliss judging the competition—"Helpful but strict."

Mrs. Bliss has not only the blessing of Miss Hering but also the enthusiastic support of her husband, Anthony Bliss. Mr. Bliss, executive director of the Metropolitan Opera, does not confine his interests to the music world. He is a long-time, knowledgeable ballet follower, chairman of the board of the City Center Joffrey Ballet, and, at Orlando recently, conductor of a festival seminar on "The Responsibilities of a Board of Directors."

There were close to 800 registrants and guests for this year's anniversary festival in Orlando (earlier in the spring nearly 1,000 attended the Southwest Regional Ballet's gala days). Participants and observers were treated to a jam-packed (it could have been exhausting if it hadn't been so exhilarating) schedule that encompassed the apprentice choreographers' rehearsals and performance, the Gala Program by the companies selected by Mrs. Bliss in the expertly paced program she had arranged, all-day class sessions under guest teachers—Robert Joffrey, David Howard, and Liz Williamson among them—dance-movie showings, discussion

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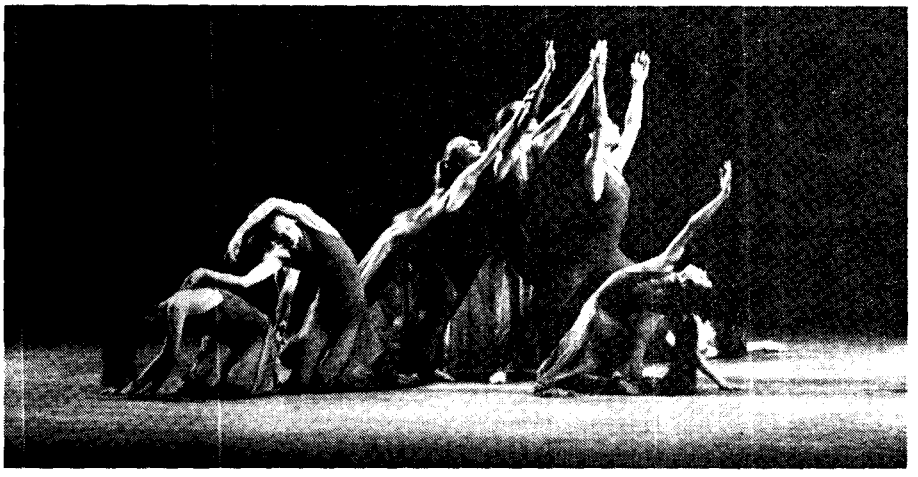
groups, craft-of-choreography conferences, meetings of the regional and national association officers, a coaching class in the difficult art of *pas de deux,* and a special class for men dancers that found the big gymnasium-turned-studio packed with teenage boys. (Twenty years ago you would have had to search hard to find a male dancer.)

The Gala Program itself, accompanied by the Florida Symphony (Pavle Despalj, conductor), consisted of eight ballets performed by Ballet Royal (the host company, headed by Edith and William Royal), the Gainesville Civic Ballet, the Virginia Ballet Theatre, the Ruth Mitchell Dance Company, the Augusta Ballet Company, the Bristol Concert Ballet Company, the Atlanta Ballet (which launched the whole regional ballet movement 20 years ago under Dorothy Alexander, the Atlanta's founder, in cooperation with the late editor-publisher of *Dance News,* Anatole Chujoy), and the Southern Ballet of Atlanta.

Choreography for the ballets in the Gala was provided, in most instances, by experienced choreographers, Atlanta's Robert Barnett among them. But the apprentice choreography program was of particular interest because here were "the kids" to whom Miss Hering referred, and here one witnessed not only their testings, excellently carried out by the splendidly trained bodies of their colleagues, but also trends. There were eight apprentice ballets performed by eight ballet groups; yet not one used toe shoes! The classical ballet "pointe" was not needed for creations that incorporated the freedom of modern dance and the polish of ballet training. Ballet, modern dance, and jazz were all there, along with the cross and mists provided by dry ice blown across the stage for *Superstar,* a Jesus ballet. There was a striking modern dance–rooted *pas de deux,* with highly inventive, yet not contrived, lifts and balances called *Invitation to Madness,* and a nice, wholesome heartland-of-Americana bit in *Hoedown,* and dances about loneliness, happiness, people, and just figures moving in space to music ranging from Bach to rock.

These departures from presumed classical norms, along with the presence of classical dance disciplines, delighted Mrs. Bliss: "Everything in dance constitutes our total picture," she said while adjusting a jeweled coronet here, fluffing a tutu there, and smoothing a modern dance leotard. "Europe hasn't begun to catch up with us in versatility. And young talent? My God, right here we've got beautiful girls with fine balletic line, a 16-year-old boy who can turn like a Bolshoi star, and a marvelous modern-movement-type young man who is studying to be a Baptist minister!"

The Ballet Guild of Jacksonville in Superstar, *choreography by Lisa Clarson; below, the Tampa Concert Ballet in Susan Taylor's* A Tree Sings in the Desert.



And Sally Brayley Bliss is excited about the lasting strength of the decentralization that regional ballet has instituted. Twenty years ago most talented dancers from around the country were sweating locally to achieve that degree of technical skill which they believed would make them eligible for national ballet troupes–for New York, for Broadway. Mrs. Bliss, addressing two different regional groups in the last year, asked about 100 student hopefuls in each area how many dreamed of seeking their dance fortunes in New York. In each case, only four raised their hands.

Twenty years of regional ballet had worked a miracle. The vision seen and expressed by Isadora Duncan more than half a century ago and the hopeful motto of the National Association for Regional Ballet are both incorporated in the same stirring phrase, "America Dancing." Isadora had written, "I see America dancing." In 1975 her prophecy is coming true. □

Mark Goldwebber, a pupil at Thomas Armour's School of Miami Ballet.

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Theater

by Henry Hewes

An Experimental Shower

On the Ann Arbor campus of the University of Michigan, the merry month of May was made merrier than usual this year by the Second Invitational Festival of Experimental Theatre. Conceived by Prof. Donald M. Boros, the five-day gathering brought together eight college experiments, seven "fringe" offerings by companies that paid their own way, and five of the country's leading experimental-theater ensembles.

Most eagerly anticipated by those of us who attended was the Living Theatre Collective with its new work, *Six Public Acts*. Although it was designed to be performed for blue-collar workers in American industrial cities, it also had a good impact on the audience of some 700 members of the university community, who followed the 16 performers to different outdoor locations. In front of the Engineering Building, the company acted out the horror of living in a world governed by violence and a master/slave hierarchy and traced the process back to Cain's murder of Abel. Then we proceeded to the flagpole, where each performer pricked his finger, smeared blood on the flagpole, and voiced recognition of such oppressed unfortunates as "the war victims who gave the apocalyptic gift of their bodies for an evil sanctioned by the state." Spectators were invited to join the ceremony, and a dozen or so did, with one man adding a touch of humor when he solemnly saluted, "transcendental meditation and less lactic acid in my blood and less anxiety in my nervous system."

From here we moved to a local bank, where, after a ritual in which a golden-robed calf was carried on the backs of the workers, we were handed stage money inscribed, "Whoever accepts this money is the slave of the government that prints it." Now the action shifted to the Administration Building, where the company erected a jail, using wooden rods as bars. The jail represented enslavement to property, and as the actors became aware of the superfluousness of property, they broke out and began group dialogues with audience members to clarify such points as, "We are not advocating communism or state ownership, but a world in which no one has the right to withhold anything from anyone."

Equally critical of world materialism were the ProVisional Theatre's two presentations. *Xa: A Vietnam Primer* used an entertaining story-theater technique to illustrate the 3,000-year history of Vietnam in a way that—though it was sympathetic to Ho Chi Minh's achievement of a government that Joseph Alsop described as simultaneously Communist, popular, and democratic—did not seem abrasively propagandistic. And the newest ProVisional play, *America Piece*, began with six highly amusing characters out of a Steig cartoon and then followed them through the miseries of possessive and competitive American life to the brink of world disaster. Optimistically, the piece ends with the people waking up just in time.

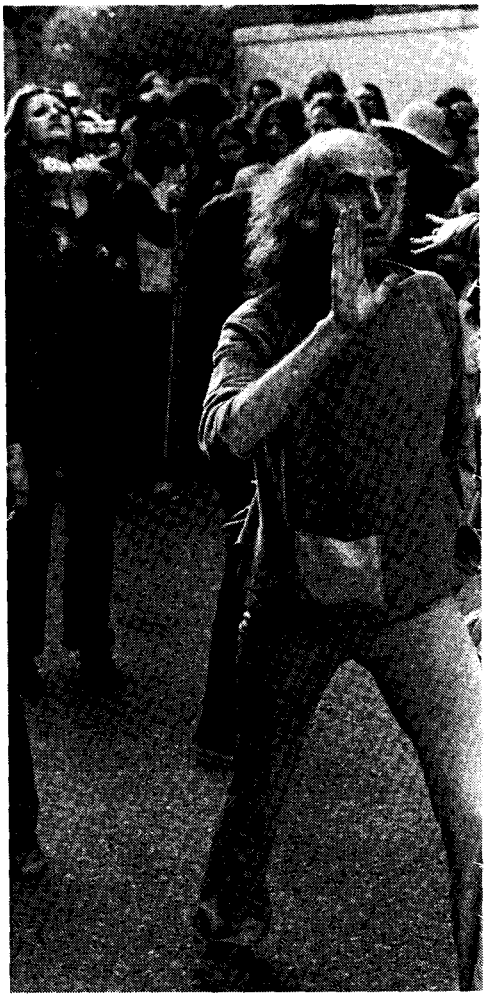
THE FIFTH STOP was the ROTC building, where the company attacked the myth that violence and punitive law is the only choice, by placing flowers and loaves of bread on the steps and asking everyone to dream of life, not death. The evening's final act was played in front of the mirror-paneled university theater, where the myth of enslaved love was ritualistically demonstrated by actors tying each other up and humiliating each other in the act of making love. Members of the audience then came forward to untie the victims, and a circle of freely given love was formed. In this spirit the audience and the company strolled to a football practice field for more conversation and for new, early-morning friendship.

Most dramatic of all the productions at the festival was the Iowa Lab Theatre's *Moby Dick*, which made no attempt at narrative but instead created intense explorations of the violent and cosmic forces that can be found in Melville's classic. The sensual beauty of the "soft and dry" sea and the diabolical obsession of the pursued and the pursuer were conjured up with daring imagination and a thrilling, total physical commitment.

The Living Stage in Washington, D.C., demonstrated its highly developed and sensitive art of getting spectators involved as creative theatrical collaborators within a three-hour period. And the Performance Group accepted the challenging task of putting together a multi-action collage of Vietnam-related pieces with Michigan students in two days. It didn't work very well, but the Performance Group found enough potential in the process to justify plans to repeat it on other campuses but with a longer rehearsal period.

Performance Group director Richard Schechner, who several years back saw his performers arrested by the Ann Arbor police for appearing nude in *Dionysus in 69*, also led a five-hour group event in which 37 males and 15 females surrendered all their clothes. This seemingly happy community of 52 naked people drew no protest from the authorities and was generally accepted as a theatrical experiment about choices in which the nudity was, as someone put it, "no big deal."

The visiting college ventures, with a couple of exceptions, served mainly to



Photographs: Ken Wiatrack

Living Theatre Collective—Julian Beck unveils new work, Six Public Acts.

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ProVisional Theatre in America Piece—*"Characters out of a Steig cartoon."*

reveal the lack of good training and stimulating leadership in current experimental theater oases at most American universities. However, this is a valuable point to emerge if it leads colleges to correct the situation. Furthermore, the interaction between the college groups and the professionals both in formal workshop sessions and in informal social encounters gave the festival a delightful and replenishing vitality. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 49
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

This __ __ __ __ __ __ and
scented woman of the street

Once __ __ __ __ __ __ and
reaped and cursed the Haitian
heat.

Now, like a __ __ __ __ __ __,
she anchors drifting tars

And earns her __ __ __ __ __ __
in air-conditioned bars.

A.S.

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Rx for Mathophobia

Mathematics—that great inspirer of fear and loathing—would not be a bugaboo if it were geared more closely to everyday reality and presented in less arid and abstract terms.

by Mitchell Lazarus

Most people dislike—or fear—mathematics. Somehow, a vast majority of the population has come to believe that mathematics must be difficult, unpleasant, and mysterious. Even people who are good at mathematics and use it every day are comfortable only to a point. I hold a graduate degree in engineering, and my own mathematics is pretty good, but I still feel uneasy listening to arguments based on mathematics more advanced than I can understand. Yet, I can converse among historians, musicians, philosophers, and others, understanding just as little but feeling much less uncomfortable about it.

Now, my work involves designing new approaches to the teaching of elementary mathematics. And whenever I talk about this work, about sensible ways of handling mathematics education that will appeal to children, the reaction is nearly always the same: "I wish there had been something like that when I was a kid. I always hated math in school!"

Jerrold Zacharias, noted physicist and educator, calls the problem *mathophobia*: a fear of mathematics. Most people will indeed try to avoid mathematical problems, sometimes with the vehemence of an acrophobe avoiding a high place. Both the acrophobe and the mathophobe deny themselves fascinating views and vistas, unnecessarily narrowing their horizons.

Curiously, there has been virtually no formal research concerning this very widespread—nearly universal—problem. In the absence of organized data, my colleagues and I have had to fall back on anecdotal evidence. Over the past few years we have discussed mathematics experiences with people in all walks of life. These were not formal interviews; we have no coded data. Instead, they were casual conversations with friends, acquaintances, and people met in passing. With their help we have tried to construct an etiology of mathophobia and to indicate strategies for its prevention.

For example, many adults say that they liked mathematics "until we did so-and-so in school"—until they were exposed to some topic that seemed particularly difficult. But did the enjoyment of mathematics ever return after the hard topic was past? Almost never. The dislike is usually irreversible.

If one looks at the curricula in use at most schools, this aversion is not surprising. The mathematics taught in each grade depends strongly on most of the work done in preceding years: trouble in any year, for any reason, is nearly certain to spell trouble in all the years to come.

A second factor in the curriculum is the frequent lack of any meaningful connection between school mathematics and the rest of the student's life. Thus the mathematics people *do* learn in school is quickly forgotten; most of us have little use for it after graduation.

Perhaps another element is mathophobia's social acceptability. Even those who are otherwise proud of their education tend to speak up freely about their mathematical ignorance. They can say, "I'm terrible at math," almost with a hint of pride, as if being poor at mathematics somehow is a mark of good taste in failure.

This attitude affects our treatment of children in school. Parents often seem unconcerned about a child's failure in mathematics, as if to say, "Well, I was never good at math in school; so I shouldn't be too upset if Johnny isn't, either." Unfortunately, Johnny is likely to sense this attitude and react accordingly.

Moreover, many teachers are themselves affected by mathophobia, sometimes admitting that they feel uncomfortable when they teach mathematics. If the teacher is tense and ill at ease with mathematics, such feelings infect the class with the idea that mathematics is hard or unpleasant.

When people withdraw from mathematics, exactly what are they avoiding?

From conversations with many mathophobes, two distinct impressions emerge of what mathematics is like. One view equates mathematics with the tedious, boring, exacting routines of school arithmetic. Yet, if total exposure to music over several years were limited to just scales and mechanical exercises, music would be unpleasant, too.

The other popular view of mathematics sees it as the arcane province of a select few geniuses. Someone who feels that mathematics must forever be beyond his or her ken will quite naturally shy away from it and need not hesitate to admit—or even boast of—a distaste for the subject.

In reality arithmetic is always a means to an end, never an end in itself—except in school. Indeed, very few activities call for actual skill in arithmetic nowadays. With computers, elaborate cash registers, and now the small electronic calculators, the mechanics of arithmetic take second place, in practice, to choosing the necessary calculations and the right numbers to work with. Thus, we ask children to spend several years learning difficult, tedious skills that are rapidly coming to be of limited value. In doing so, we inadvertently teach that mathematics is not only hard but also not very useful. Rote arithmetic is a difficult and tedious branch of mathematics—a poor starting point for most students.

The "new math" tried to help by showing why arithmetic results come out the way they do, starting from "basic principles" that typically included set theory and number base. But for a great many students (and their par-

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ents), these special topics were at least as confusing as the arithmetic had been.

Parts of the "new math" tried to deemphasize pure arithmetic or at least to set arithmetic in a wider mathematical context. But the "new math" context is that of the professional mathematician: abstract, definitional, axiomatic, and supposedly rigorous. The result is to pull mathematics even farther from its actual uses.

MATHEMATICS DOES NOT BELONG to the professional mathematician alone. It cuts across many other fields of endeavor and touches upon many people's lives. This perspective—mathematics that is useful to people—should be the starting point for a new approach to mathematics education. This alternative builds upon usefulness as a basic ingredient of elementary mathematics. Choice of topics and ways of teaching should center on mathematics as a helpful force in day-to-day life and should take into account the fact that the technology has made longhand arithmetic all but obsolete. Such a program has a twofold aim: to provide the mathematical tools and skills children will find useful and enlightening now and in later life and to make them comfortable with, and appreciative of, mathematical subject matter. The two aims are very closely related.

The new approach will find its place in the vast middle ground between rote arithmetic and the work of the professional mathematician. It includes, for example, the mathematics of cooking, carpentry, engineering, wallpaper hanging, dressmaking, magazine editing, bartending, storekeeping, and a vast array of other occupations and pastimes. It is the kind of mathematics that grows from real problems and returns in real solutions. It adapts recipes to serve more than the prescribed number of guests, fits bookshelves neatly into alcoves, purchases the right amount of shelf paper, carries the driver from one gasoline pump to the next, and in general helps people through a multitude of ordinary tasks. It also develops the kind of understanding that children will find most useful in their ongoing activities—the kind that will apply to many of their current interests.

The topics stressed should be those with the most direct link between mathematics and the real world—the topics most helpful to people who use mathematics for practical reasons. These include, for example, measurement and estimation, making rough maps and sketching simple graphs, and the performance of quick, approximate arithmetic in our heads—skills that will not get rusty because they will be used constantly by people of all ages.

Mathophobe—One who believes mathematics must be difficult and unpleasant.

One important development not covered by conventional curricula would be an appreciation of inexact answers. "Mathematics is an exact science," many teachers say, "and there is only one right answer." Often that statement is worse than wrong. It is constraining and intimidating. Estimation, approximation, rough calculation—all part of mathematics—are often very useful, need not be exact, and can have many "right answers," if a right answer is one to meet our needs. Most of us tried to learn in school how to find that 49×319 works out to be 15,631. Few of us learned to see the problem quickly and roughly as 50×300, which mentally becomes 15,000—close enough for most practical purposes.

A widescale approach to mathematics that stems from realistic situations which children find interesting and which gives them new power to cope with situations outside of school would go a long way toward preventing mathophobia. Mathematics can be a part of everyday life; it need not be special and apart. Most people can read street maps, for example, which involves a lot of mathematics that ordinarily we do not recognize. We understand how an "average family" can have 1.9 children, even though we may joke about it. The concept of odds in betting is clear to most of us, although it is based on quite sophisticated concepts. People who cook know that it is safe to triple recipes for soup, but not for cake.

As an educational issue, reading street maps, for example, is unimportant in itself. But maps involve a number of mathematical ideas that *are* important and general: ratio, proportion, scaling, measuring and estimating length and distance, estimating time, and some geometry. In most curricula nowadays these ideas appear in the abstract if they appear at all. A proportion problem, for example, might appear as: $20/5 = ?/2$. The new approach would stay with the

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"Reality-based teaching will go a long way toward solving the problem because it will put elementary mathematics into a form that will make sense to children."

street map—or even better, a student-made map of the classroom—and ask: according to the map, how far is it from the door to the chalkboard? The mathematical issue of proportion is the same, but the map puts the idea in a much more concrete and realistic context. Thus the student can better understand the idea of proportion and how it applies in real situations. Moreover, the "hands-on" experience of making the measurements, sketching the map, and checking the results is a valuable aid in acquiring the concept and contributes to a good "feel" for what proportion is about.

Symbols and abstraction for their own sakes, now very common in mathematics curricula, often strike students as pointless and confusing. As far as possible, all of the concepts presented to students should appear in realistic, familiar contexts. Symbols and abstraction are still important—indeed, are the essence of mathematics—but should serve ends that students can understand. Presentations ought to begin and end with reality in order that students can make sense of the mathematics in between.

APPLICATIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a part of mathematics education, but until now they have played a very minor role. The applications in most textbooks were contrived—transparent excuses for more calculation. Use of applications of primary function, so that calculation serves as the means (rather than the other way around), will impart to school mathematics the pertinence, meaning, and impact that it presently lacks. Children will understand why mathematics is important and worth knowing.

Some students do very well in the "new math," and some even seem to enjoy rote calculation. Students with a knack and a flair for mathematics will find as much in this approach that captures their interest as there was in earlier curricula, for here there is a great deal of room for exploring theoretical relationships and plenty of opportunity for calculation. The topics are rich and the pedagogy open-ended. Just as important, however, is the fact that many students who have *not* liked mathematics until now—and these are a majority—will begin to see a place for mathematics in their own lives and will start feeling comfortable with mathematical ideas.

Eventually, a curriculum reform on the scale of the "new math" will probably be necessary. The "new math" is not working out well, and there is a strong national trend away from it. Most educators seem disinclined to go back to the "old math," seeing that the arguments against it are still valid. In contrast, the approach outlined here will appeal directly to students' interests and needs and will provide a strong foundation for more advanced work.

The key to preventing mathophobia is letting mathematics take root in the student's daily life. Reality-based teaching will go a long way toward solving the national mathematics problem because it will put elementary mathematics into a form that will make sense to children. □

Ventures in Videomath

A long succession of pedagogical reformers have tried to take either the mystery or the boredom out of school mathematics. The magic, however, rarely worked for very long, if at all. In the end, generations of children seemed to be paraphrasing their equally persistent judgment on spinach: "I say it's still math, and the hell with it."

In January 1976 a group of leading mathematicians under the direction of Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, the MIT physicist who two decades ago reformed the teaching of high-school physics, will try to prove that television can do what all other earlier pedagogical revolutions failed to accomplish: make the *uses* of mathematics so clearly evident and its application so interesting that both "mathophobia"—the traditional fear of math—and boredom—a yawn in the face of an equation—will be things of the past.

The producers of "Count Us In," the planned 30-minute, twice-weekly show, were clearly inspired by the Children's Television Workshop and its pioneering "Sesame Street" and "Electric Company." The new program will be deliberately aimed at the disadvantaged segment within the 8-to-11-year-old target audience, but it will also try to convert many parents to the view that mathematics can be fun, and that they can understand what their children learn.

MUCH OF THE TELEVISED APPROACH to math will stress what those who want to modify the often ephemeral "new math" call "hands-on" work with numbers and theories—using actual "things," such as money or matter, water and string, maps and scales, to translate theory into concrete usage. The program will show children and adults playing and working with numbers, estimates, comparisons of time, and so on.

The Education Development Center in Newton, Mass., which is producing the programs, will also provide teacher's guides and suggested activities that will enable youngsters to follow their viewing with simple discovery experiments on their own. "Count Us In" will avoid the criticism sometimes leveled against "Sesame Street"—that televised instruction tends to encourage passivity in children.

At the same time, the "Sesame Street" generation will find much that is familiar along Math Lane—the homey drugstores and the fast-talking con artists as well as the friendly neighbors of all colors and creeds.

In the eyes of some "new-math" enthusiasts, the TV venture may well seem a betrayal of their earlier efforts to introduce children into sophisticated theories at an early age, but growing numbers of teachers agree with Dr. Zacharias that in mathematics instruction any equation that fails to show the real usefulness of the subject adds up to zero in interest and effectiveness.

FRED M. HECHINGER

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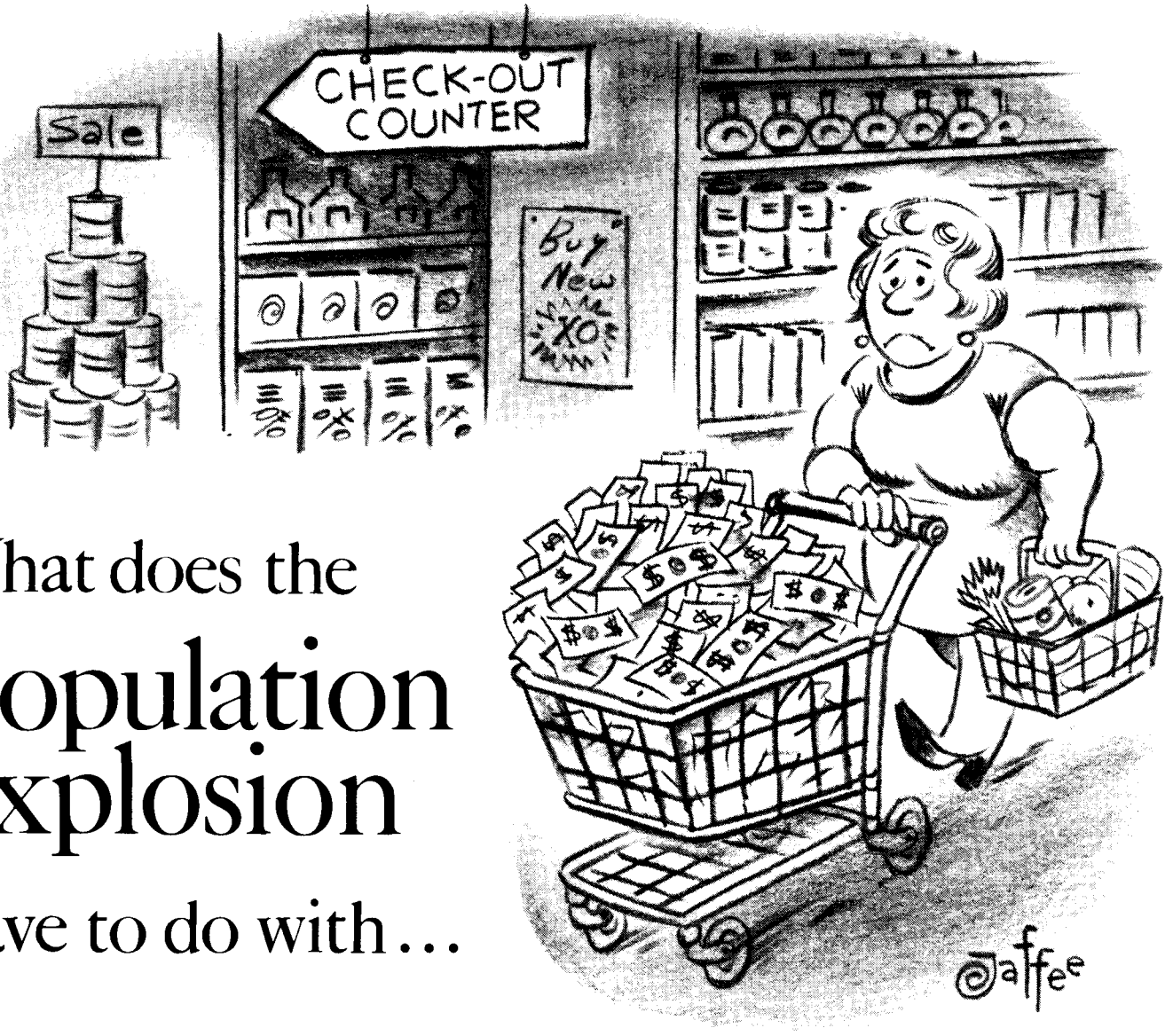

What does the population explosion have to do with...

inflation?..... When more and more people compete to buy limited goods or resources, prices go up. That's a basic reason for inflation, though the whole story is more complicated.

energy crisis?... When more and more people compete to buy more and more energy, the price climbs and shortages are further aggravated.

food shortages?. With 75 million additional people every year pressing against limited world food resources, shortages, higher prices, and famine are as certain as the setting of the sun.

lack of housing? When more people compete for housing, then mortgage rates, land costs, and construction prices all move upward. And decent housing moves further out of reach for an increasing number of people.

Some people will quarrel with these explanations as oversimplified. Of course they are; little in life is uncomplicated. But no one should quarrel with this truth: If our globe had fewer people on it, most of its problems would find easier solutions, and the quality of life for all would be improved.

So won't you help the Population Institute's campaign to *motivate* all potential parents to reduce their childbearing? We're doing that around the world by enlisting the aid of those national and world organizations that, through the creative impact of entertainers, writers, journalists, editors, broadcasters, publishers, teachers, clergy, statesmen, and activists, can reach out again and again to the people of the world with the message that...

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For Some, Hearing Is Seeing

by Maron Simon

When David Hartman entered Temple University's School of Medicine in 1972, his textbook requirements were unique among the more than 13,000 new medical students that year: only half of the textbooks he would need during his first two years existed in any form he could use. The first blind student admitted to a U.S. medical school in this century, he turned for help, as he had during his undergraduate years at Gettysburg College, to Recording for the Blind, Inc. (RFB), a voluntary organization that supplies growing numbers of blind students, free of charge, with accurate tape recordings of any textbooks their studies require.

Although the Library of Congress is the world's largest producer of "talking books" for the blind, RFB is this country's major source of tape-recorded textbooks. (Students borrow the taped books for six months and may renew as often as necessary.) During the 1973–74 academic year, RFB sent almost 70,000 recorded books—on about 400,000 tape reels—to some 10,000 borrowers and estimates that it is now serving almost all blind students in college and 60 percent of those in high school.

Alumni of the nationwide student body RFB serves are moving on to positions of prominence in an ever-widening range of vocations. With the help of recorded books, Laura Sloate, blind since she was six years old, surmounted her disability and has achieved a notable success as a securities analyst and president of a firm that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. James L. Elston, another RFB "alumnus," is director of the Judicial Administration Internship at the University of Arkansas and teaches constitutional law, judicial behavior, and American government there. Harold Krents, a young Washington lawyer who has traveled across the world for his firm, was the model for the blind hero of Leonard Gershe's Broadway hit *Butterflies Are Free.*

Krents, blind since he was nine, attended Scarsdale High School, taking notes in class on a braille machine until he realized that its clatter was disturbing his classmates. He then depended on trying to remember all that he had heard in class, after which he rushed home to write the lesson up while it was still fresh in his mind. But at Harvard College, from which he graduated cum laude, and at the Harvard Law School, where he earned a Doctor Juris degree, he relied on friends, who read to him, and on RFB, which supplied hundreds of recorded books, some from its existing library stock, others taped especially at his request.

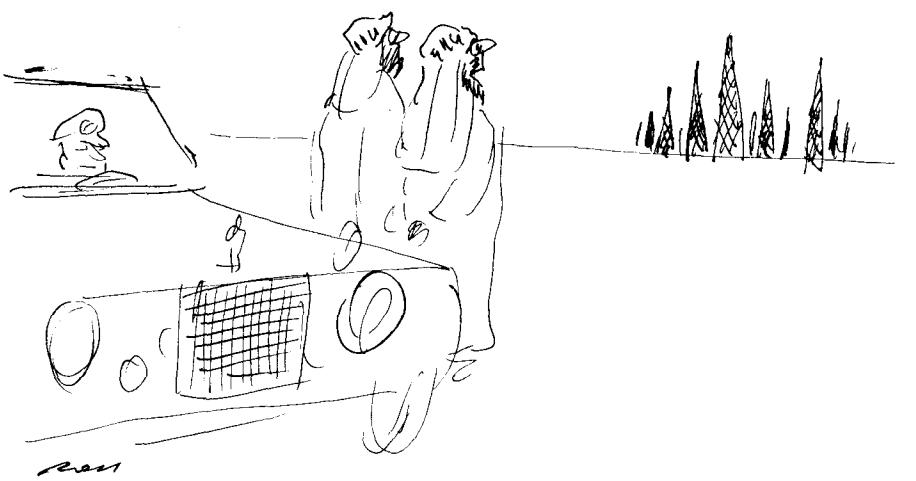
The actual tape recordings of printed books are done by volunteers in teams of two—a reader and a monitor. Facing each other through a window of a soundproof, air-conditioned booth and conversing through an intercom, they work from copies that other volunteers or the RFB headquarters' professional staff has annotated in duplicate. Instructions for the insertion of audible signals help blind users find the places they want as easily as possible. These signals may be beeps, to indicate a new page or chapter, or vocal announcements listing the page numbers on each tape track or alerting the listener to shifts of place, such as "Footnote" or "Now back to text." Monitors, operating the tape recorder, in effect "proofread" recordings as they take place, correcting mispronunciations and other lapses, such as the slip of a reader who completed a footnote in the Masters and Johnson work *Human Sexual Response* with the admonition, "Now back to sex."

RFB has its headquarters at 215 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, where all the activities of the central organization are carried on. With 28 recording centers and branch studios throughout the country—each self-supporting—it is essentially a circulating library involved with everything about the oral books it dispenses except writing them. The organization's constantly expanding services operated on a budget of $1.5 million last year, with funding solely from individual, corporate, and foundation sources. In 1971 RFB calculated that it would be necessary to raise $13 million during the next five years. Even in today's climate of competition for the philanthropic dollar, the organization is confident that it will be as successful in this effort as it has been in rendering services that impelled the *Washington Post* to call Recording for the Blind "one of the most impressive volunteer organizations in America." □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 36

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 59.

YMU RBXGUIAU XA
OXVU C ACWU YQ
TMXNM YMUIU XA C
NQZLXBCYXQB—LRY
YMU NQZLXBCYXQB
XA OQNVUE RF XB
YMU ACWU.
—FUYUI EU GIXUA



"Know something? Sometimes I pinch myself and wonder if the whole thing is just a mirage."

Maron Simon, a former newspaperman, is author of The Panama Affair *and other books.*

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Recycling Surplus School Buildings

by James Cass

Last April the New York City Board of Education announced plans for closing 40 surplus school buildings by June of next year. New York is by no means the first school system that has had to cope with a decline in the school-age population and with the resultant empty classrooms. But the number of schools involved is dramatic evidence of a problem that many communities will soon face. Where school boards and superintendents in the Fifties and Sixties frantically struggled with a critical shortage of classrooms, they are now having to unload a surplus.

The "baby bust," as it is known in demographic circles, began in 1961, and by 1969–70 the number of children in the very early years of school had started to decline precipitately. Secondary-school enrollments will top out in the course of this year, and judging from the number of children already born, we can expect enrollments to continue to drop at least until 1980. Clearly, the problem of excess classrooms will be as typical of the Seventies as the shortage of classroom space was of the Fifties.

Forecasting the future is always a chancy business, and the population projections of demographers have been notably inaccurate, as Paul Woodring pointed out in "Our Predictable Birthrate," *SR/W*, March 9, 1974. Three factors determine the future school-age population of any community: the number of women of childbearing age (15 to 44), the fertility or birthrate (the number of births per thousand women of age 15 to 44), and the mobility of the population. All are human factors and hence highly unpredictable. However, there are some indications that the decline will continue beyond 1980—the national birthrate for 1973, for instance, was 1.9 children per family, the lowest rate in history.

How, or whether, school districts should dispose of surplus schools is a complex question, the answer to which necessarily depends on circumstances in the local community as well as on state laws and regulations. Basically, a community has four options: to rent, to sell, to convert to other purposes, or to "mothball" the schools for future use. Fortunately, a fairly substantial body of experience already exists that will be useful to school administrators, boards of education, and citizens in making their difficult decisions. For example, some months ago the Educational Facilities Laboratories published a study, titled *Fewer Pupils/Surplus Space*, by Dr. Cyril Sargent, professor of educational administration at The City College of New York. More than 100 school districts in 40 states were studied, and the findings are revealing.

When school districts first come up against declining enrollments and empty classroom space, primary consideration is usually given to relieving overcrowding and then to "curriculum enrichment," that is, recapturing space for art and music rooms, expanding math and science labs, and setting up "long overdue elementary-school libraries." Next on the agenda is likely to be additional administrative space for counseling, remedial reading, psychological testing, and the like. For innovative districts the free space offers an opportunity to experiment with open classrooms and team teaching or to expand educational services through adult-education programs.

When old and inefficient buildings have been closed and all the service programs that are prudent have been instituted, the hard question remains, What then? In districts where future enrollment trends are not clear, many superintendents hedge their bets by mothballing some schools. But in communities where the future appears clearer, surplus school buildings are often turned over to other governmental agencies or non-profit organizations. Health and parks and recreation departments have put them to many uses. Surplus schools that are sold are often put to more exotic uses.

Closing and disposing of a school is not a simple matter, however. Superintendents who have already tackled the problem advise others to allow plenty of time. The problems will vary from one community to another, but as one administrator advised, "Figure the time necessary for getting a bond issue passed; then double it."

Local considerations are not the only deterrent to easy liquidation of school district property. For instance, the Loma Prieta chapter of the Sierra Club and the Committee for Green Foothills, which have been exploring the complexities of California law, find that school sites purchased in the expectation that future expansion would be necessary are subject to a non-use tax after a certain number of years (five years for kindergarten-through-eighth-grade sites, seven years for secondary-school sites)—and that the sites cannot be used for purposes other than the "original intent" for which they were purchased—even other educational purposes. It is understandable that community officials would like to return unused land to the tax rolls, but it is unfortunate that school authorities will be forced to dispose of valuable property which often could be put to public use now and may have to be replaced at inflated prices in the future.

In the new and changing circumstances in which superintendents and school-board members find themselves, they could well use crystal balls that are certified accurate by the Bureau of Standards. But lacking such help, they will find *Fewer Pupils/Surplus Space* the best guide to date on how they may cope with a problem that will be with us at least for the rest of the decade. □

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Cooling It

by Horace Sutton

In the deep days of summer, when Palm Springs is more like a pizza oven than a palmy resort, the desert people head for the hills toward that cool mountain retreat called Idyllwild, where the sound of music echoes through the lofty pines and the panorama looks more like Salzburg than a corner of California.

I invaded these provinces a few weeks back, rolling along Route 74, more poetically known as the Palm-to-Pines Highway. The ascent from the desert floor begins inauspiciously enough, the road rising through the scruffy brown rock and desert land. Ultimately, small trees and brush appear, and after 15 minutes on the road, the landscape begins to bristle with scrub pines.

The first way station is Sugar Loaf Café, named after a mountain that vaguely resembles its counterpart in far-off Rio de Janeiro. The inn is operated, coincidentally enough, by Erika and Oskar Tollinger, a pair of Austrians who seem to have stepped out of a road-company cast of *The Sound of Music*. Oskar is from the Tyrol and chides his wife because she is a "lowlander" from Vienna.

Although it is largely a sandwich-and-Coke short-order stop, the Tollinger place takes on grander airs on Friday nights. Then, Erika, wearing her Franz Josef gold piece, prepares dinner for transient guests, largely from a nearby development called Alpine Village. Hungarian goulash, perhaps in memory of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, veal scaloppine, beef Stroganoff, and Wiener schnitzel are the fare. Although Oskar entertains dreams of retiring to Merano in the Italian Tyrol (when he was born, it belonged to Austria and was called Meran), he and Erika find these mountains ideal. The winter temperatures may reach the 70s, and some days it may snow, but by the next day it has melted.

Viennese accent and all, Erika manages to stitch together the communities of the high country with a slick little publication called the *Pinyon Gazette*, subtitled, "A Mountain Magazine." The high-country people are a partisan and dedicated lot. Some, like John Pinker-

H.S.

Idyllwild--Roaming among the pines, strolling over the pine-needle carpets.

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in California

Virginia Garner

Summry dream on a mountaintop—"All but enshrouded in cultural clouds."

man, editor of the Copley News Service, who lives in the deep south of California, willingly make the trek every weekend from far corners to their cabins in the pines at Idyllwild. Frank Sinatra, should that be an attraction, has staked out a new principality for the rat pack and visiting statesmen at Pinyon Crest. An association of high-country residents call themselves the Pinyon Nuts. They meet monthly.

The mountain people are also kept in touch with the world around them through the *Idyllwild Town Crier*, a tabloid-size newspaper that covers the San Jacinto and Santa Rosa mountains, claims it publishes "almost all the news —part of the time," and is produced by the Strawberry Valley Press in Idyllwild at the mile-high summit of civilization.

On the way to the top, the visitor passes Keen Camp Summit where, at 4,917 feet, the pines are larger in size but the air is noticeably thinner. Mountain Center is a four-corners metropolis, where horses nibble contentedly on the grass alongside the post office and the congregation gathers at Leone's to shoot pool and the breeze. At its bar Leone's not only slakes the thirst of the summer hordes ascending the mountain but also provides such incidental nutriments as hot Polish sausages steamed in beer and Swiss cheese and sausage sandwiches. For those who would address the table more formally, there is a small dining room where the menu is vaguely Italian-accented: scampi with noodles, meat-stuffed zucchini, rigatoni, and sausage, to mention a few of the specialties.

TAKEN TOGETHER, the four communities of Mountain Center and the lofty summit settlements of Fern Valley, Pine Cove, and Idyllwild have a year-round population of 3,500. In winter there are some invaders from the lowlands who come to ski cross-country or merely to look at the phenomenon of snow. But in summer there are often an estimated 25,000 visitors roaming among the tall pines, strolling over the carpets of brown pine needles, and photographing the Tyrolean A-frames and chalets.

The dominant attraction here in the mile-high altitudes is the Idyllwild Campus of the University of Southern California. For the past 25 years, USC, from its home base 120 miles away in Los Angeles, has been sponsoring, with heavy public support, a summer program called the Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts. That mouthful boils down to the popular, if uneuphonic acronym, ISOMATA.

In this isolated, pine-perfumed setting, far from the smog banks of Southern California, ISOMATA offers resident programs for young people and adults as well as a day program for children, especially those of parents who would participate in the classes and workshops. Adults—and that includes college undergraduates—can enroll in courses in ceramics, painting, graphics and design, weaving, classical guitar, chamber music, and modern, classical, and folk dance.

For high-school students ISOMATA's courses include music programs with emphasis on choir, orchestra, wind ensembles, and chamber groups. The drama program includes work onstage and backstage. There are classes in ballet, jazz, and modern dance. The visual arts program offers instruction in pottery, painting, drawing, and sculpture. A day camp for children 8 through 12 promises music, dance, drama, painting, pottery, and photography as well as exploration of the mountains and overnight camping in the high pine country.

Besides all that, there are adult workshops in such offbeat disciplines as American Indian ceramic arts, American Indian jewelry making, and Indian weaving. Norman Corwin, that redoubtable practitioner, is chairman of a creative-writing workshop. A contemporary-dance workshop views dance as a fine-arts form. Among the more *outré* workshops: two week-long sessions for recorder players, one on medieval and Renaissance music and dance, and another on baroque music and dance. What with regular concerts and recitals scheduled for the summer evenings, the mountaintop will be all but enshrouded in cultural clouds.

In addition to the ISOMATA program, there are heady plans afoot to develop the campus far beyond the school of music and the arts. The new director, Philip James, has ideas that embrace executive seminars patterned after those at Aspen and at Harvard: courses especially tailored to the interests of retired people; access to USC's Los Angeles campus courses by means of two-way television; science programs leaning toward astronomy, history, and philosophy, the ethics of modern science and technology, and science as it relates to public policy. Research programs are to be developed in forestry, solar energy, and the earth sciences, to list a few. In short, the mountain people may find themselves sharing their highlands with a vast intellectual community.

Those double-dome waves aside, Idyllwild and its adjoining settlements offer all sorts of avenues to the outdoors. The Mountain People, a store in Idyllwild, sells mountaineering equipment, teaches rock climbing in summer and ski touring in winter. It organizes two-day

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backpacking excursions into wilderness areas. A $50 bill pays for the outing, which includes an evening of instruction in the use of equipment as well as a discourse on the finer points of alpine cuisine. Assumedly, this includes instructions on the preparation of such delectables as freeze-dried chicken chop suey, freeze-dried Mexican omelets, and French-toast mix, all items sold on the premises.

Instruction is also given in bouldering, which is to say, practice in the techniques of rock climbing, and the curriculum includes courses on basic rock climbing and intermediate technical rock climbing. A favorite target is Lilly Rock, which the Indians call Tahquitz, and another hillock on the other side of the valley called, less invitingly, Suicide Rock.

FOR THOSE WHO PREFER conventional overnight quarters, Fern Village has four A-frame chalets, each with two units. There are multiple sleeping arrangements in each as well as housekeeping facilities. While the decor is not to be confused with the best of Valerian Rybar or Melanie Kahane, an undeniable woodland charm wells out of the surroundings: tall cedars and pines and the quiet burble of Strawberry Creek flowing under the porch of one's chalet. The daily extraction is $27 in the A-frames and $18 for a straight motel room.

At Fern Valley Corners a new establishment called The Bakery does luncheon sandwiches on squaw bread and pumpernickel rye as well as robust mountain dinners—their term—in the evening. The Chart House, which has a number of outposts around the country, has an edition in the hills, too, broiling steaks for those patient enough to wait in line for a table.

I considered it my sovereign duty to look in on a rambling collection of cabins and motel rooms collectively known as the Bluebird Motel. The motel rooms trade for $14 to $16 a night; the cabins, including kitchen and fireplace, for $25. I ought to tell you that the cabins are not numbered but named. Nuthatch, owl, swallow, woodpecker, and dove are a few that caught my eye. The innkeeper could scarcely desist from printing a slogan assuring the public that Bluebird's rooms are "For Rent for a Song." I wish I could restrain myself from saying that the place may well be for the birds. □

(**Algiers:** *continued from page 10.*)
markets. They insisted on "an industrial and technological information bank" and an end to the West's exclusive control over patents and processes. If they implied that the world owes them a living, they only echoed the argument of American blacks (generally accepted by whites) that victims of oppression can fairly ask for a few favors.

Fourth, they want more money. Partly, they hope that the West will make good its promise to devote 1 percent of its GNP to aid. But mostly, they look now to a reform of the world monetary system for greater access to hard currency and credits. They suggested that the OPEC nations set up joint aid funds, but these nations, although lavish with aid (particularly to other Moslem nations) on a bilateral basis, shied from a coordinated fund.

Fifth, and probably most important, the underdeveloped nations want more control over their own raw materials. The law of supply and demand has produced anarchy in raw-materials markets, doubling prices of many products between 1972 and 1974, then sending these prices tumbling 50 percent or more since then. The sudden increases contributed to the inflation and subsequent recession in the West; the sudden fall in prices destroyed planning and development programs of many poor nations. Because of inflation, some nations actually earn relatively less today from raw-materials exports than they did before 1972. Despite Washington's continued devotion to free-market trading, the system simply does not work —for anyone.

APART FROM THESE TARGETS, the meeting also endorsed measures that it knew would be rejected by the West. These included the right to nationalize foreign firms, to link raw-materials prices to a world inflation index, and to form OPEC-style cartels for all raw materials. In particular, the nations demanded that former colonial powers "restore and compensate fully the exploitation, economic exhaustion, and damages" caused by colonialism. These demands, pressed hard by the more radical nations, such as Algeria, could kill any hope of cooperation with the West. A worried Jamaican here told me that "you can only push the big countries so far."

But at the U.N. conference in Peru, only one big country felt pushed too far. That was the United States, and we were the only country to vote against the more

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extreme positions, our allies abstaining. Then, although we had already endorsed the more general clauses, we voted against the final document as a whole. Because of America's economic strength, this vote amounted to a veto. Washington put private pressure on Japan and its European allies to join it, but they rejected confrontation politics and were content with abstentions. The hard-line American position, one U.S. aid official said sadly, "means that we're still the bogeyman. Is this necessary?"

Whether necessary or not, it was ungainly. It meant that the goodwill generated by years of American aid is ignored by Third Worlders, who see Washington as the agent of the multinational firms and the status quo. The official American theory is that technology is already flowing to the Third World and that world prosperity automatically benefits the poorest nations—"when the lake rises, all the boats on it rise, too."

Henry Kissinger has endorsed this theory in recent speeches. While showing a willingness to talk about raw materials, he displays little understanding that many poor nations are sharecroppers on the world plantation. Kissinger sees the Third World's program as a "challenge . . . sustained by the view that the current [world economic] system is loaded against the interest of the developing countries." One does not have to be a sub-Sahara Marxist to suspect that this view of the system may be accurate. Kissinger fears that any new "international system overshadowed by the rivalry of nations or blocks will produce instability and confrontation." As the oil crisis has shown, this is a fair description of the system we have now.

The fact is that this rising-lake theory is just not true. After a quarter-century of the greatest world boom in history, the wealth of the poor nations is barely improving in absolute terms, while the relative gap between rich and poor widens daily. There is no reason for the United States to accept unblinkingly a nation's right to nationalize American industries, and it's hard to imagine Congress, in its present mood, doubling American aid to the Third World. But the American conscience should be affronted by the government's failure to do what it can to correct a situation that the United States, through its sheer economic might and influence, did so much to create.

Tighter controls on multinationals would be a good place to start. Even better would be a program for stabilizing commodity prices and ending the violent ups and downs in income of the raw-material-producing nations. There is no need to assume that the underdeveloped nations are adversaries in this project; all past history indicates that new OPEC-type cartels will probably fail, and there's no sign that even the producing nations want to emulate OPEC's fourfold price increases. A program that would stabilize prices at a reasonably high level—somewhere below last year's prices, somewhere above this year's—should not be beyond the wit of the world's diplomats. Even the Chase Manhattan Bank has decried these "boom-and-bust cycles" and recommends producer-consumer agreements to keep prices steady. European and American farmers long benefited from price supports, which amount to the same thing. The U.N. Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) has recommended a mixture of commodity agreements and stockpiles, to buy up surpluses to keep prices firm. The Common Market has blazed a different trail by setting up a $4 billion "export-stabilization" fund with 46 underdeveloped nations to compensate them if the prices of their key raw-material exports to Europe fall sharply from the average of the previous four years. This "stabex" program is not a price-fixing commodity agreement and so does not necessarily offend American free-market theology. If it does not make the poor nations rich, it should at least allow them to plan more than a few months ahead.

The alternative to a cooperative program could be attempts to form cartels. Venezuela is already organizing and bankrolling Latin American coffee producers, and the delegates here assumed that more such attempts, possibly financed by Arab oil dollars, are on the way. These stockpiles and cartels would be costly and uncomfortable for us if they succeeded; their collapse, if it came, would ruin the producers.

The commodity and industrialization issues will lead the agenda at the special September session of the General Assembly, which is not Washington's favorite forum of late. It might be both tactically prudent and historically wise if the United States, instead of sulking like a pitiful helpless giant beset by midgets, came up with a better answer than no. □

"I want a book that starts out, 'Once upon a time' and ends with, 'They lived happily ever after.'"

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Closing a Chapter

It's over. America's longest war, followed by the shortest peace.

President Ford made the official statement: "This action closes a chapter in the American experience." That's the new word. It wasn't a war; it was an experience. ("My son was killed in the Vietnam experience.")

There will doubtless be many fat books written by historians, journalists, philosophers, psychiatrists, and surely one book by Barry Goldwater, with the disarming title, *How I Could Have Won the War in Indochina With a Few Well-Directed Bombs That Would Have* [title continued on back cover] *Wiped North Vietnam off the Map.*

However, to help you close the chapter, and to save you years of reading time, we will sum it all up briefly with a few factual and documented paragraphs:

In October 1972 Henry Kissinger announced, "Peace is at hand." At hand, my foot.

In January 1973, the Paris agreements having been signed, Richard Nixon said that "we had won a generation of peace with honor."

Early in 1974 that generation of peace had suddenly passed, and we were experiencing peace with horror, even after Mr. Nixon had evacuated all our troops from South Vietnam–followed by evacuating Mr. Thieu from Saigon.

In August 1974, to add to the confusion, Mr. Nixon was evacuated from the White House.

On April 29, 1975, President Ford made his "close-a-chapter" speech and asked all Americans "to look ahead to the many goals we share."

On April 30, 1975, an item that won't appear in any history book: as the smoke from the last battle gun faded, the Columbia Broadcasting System, inspired by the President's speech, ended a 20-year involvement with "Gunsmoke" by evacuating that program from next season's schedule.

So much for history. Now, the first "goal we share" is the upcoming Bicentennial celebration. Here I sit, in my plus fours, eager to RSVP and get dressed to my nines, but am I ready for the big birthday party? Are any of us in a party mood? It is easy to say "close a chapter," but difficult to close a mind, a heart. None of us wants to be a party-pooper.

We still have one year to revive the spirit of 1776. This will be our big test –this year ahead in which we must adjust and replace our sense of a loss of face with a gain of faith in the American ideal.

To each his own catharsis. As for myself, I plan to capture the correct mood for the 200-year birthday party by holding a private celebration this July 4, 1975, our one hundred ninety-ninth birthday. I will sit alone in the solitude of my room, darkened except for the 199 candles in the mixed Betty Crocker cake.

I will make a wish to rid myself of the spirit of '75 as a rehearsal for '76. Then I will attempt to blow out all the 199 candles with one breath–which will send me to bed with a bad case of oxygen loss.

During my convalescence I will meditate on a few items in need of tidying and repair before the guests show up and the world looks in on our new image.

Foremost is the Liberty Bell, which, after all, is the centerpiece of our celebration. There it hangs in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, a crack running three-quarters down the length of its face to its lip. If Power and Strength is the name of today's international game, isn't this the time to erase that disfiguration on the symbol of our liberty and make it whole, so that the world may witness a resurgence of our power and strength?

Of course, there are some super-purists who will cry out against refurbishing an old bit of Americana. But the fact is that although the bell did ring out to proclaim that the Continental Congress had adopted the Declaration of Independence, it didn't crack then. It was much later that the crack appeared. The Liberty Bell just sat there in its belfry, untolled for 60 years, and cracked. Who wouldn't?

Another correction that would update our Declaration of Independence concerns "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It would be more relevant to our times, and certainly more alliterative, if it read "life, liberty, and the longing for luxuries."

In that connection, I've always worried about the Preamble to the Constitution, which says, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union." My big dictionary had always informed me that nothing can be more than perfect. Somewhere there must be a man with a quill pen to make the Preamble read "more nearly perfect."

But now, after reading the full definition of *perfect*, I find my once-friendly unabridged has deserted me. It says "*perfect* . . . sometimes used comparatively, as 'a more perfect union.' "

It couldn't have used a more perfect example to make me out a more perfect fool. □

"They came to sign the peace treaty."

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

ANA, II

How long is the language's memory of itself? We use words as natural inheritances, and only rarely do people ask about the origins of a word or phrase.

"They are in cahoots," we say, meaning they are co-conspirators up to no good. What could be a more natural-sounding American idiom? We have naturalized it, to be sure, but we had first to import it from French *cahute*, a portmanteau formation of French *cabane*, "cabin," and *hutte*, "hut." To say that two or more people were in cahoots meant that they were living in the same cabin somewhere back in the woods. Along the line there was folded into the expression the implication that whatever those people were doing back there in the secrecy of the woods, they were up to no good. My wife and I, neither of us woods people, are in cahoots, and I submit our children as evidence that we have been up to no good. (Oh, come now, brats; you know daddy is just having his little, uh, joke.)

Southerners say "goober" for "peanut" and are generally convinced that the usage is their own regionalism. When I pointed out to a genial Carolinian that the Kongo and Angolese word for "peanut" is *nguba*, he dismissed the resemblance as a farfetched search for a coincidence. It is no matter of coincidence. As J. L. Dillard, professor of linguistics at the University of Puerto Rico and a scholar of Afro-Creole-Pidgin and of Black American speech, has pointed out, many southern children once learned their basic speech patterns on the lap of a slave mammy, thereby acquiring Afro-Creolisms they then assumed to be simple home-grown usages.

Lagniappe is probably the most distinctive word in New Orleans. Ask a native about it, and he will almost certainly assure you that it is a French word. It was, in fact, Frenchified, but it started as Quechuan (Incan) *yapa*, "something added"; passed into Spanish Carib-Pidgin as *la ñapa*, "the gift"; and was only later Frenchified as *lagniappe*—the French pronunciation being later Americanized into something like "lanee-yap," with the first *a* nasalized.

Or consider *cat* as current Negro slang for "man." ("He's a cool cat.") *Cat* (or *kat, khat, kaht*) is common in West Africa as the word for "man." Is this another coincidence, or has the African base survived for centuries in American Negro speech without leaving a dictionary trace?

I do not know that it did so survive, but if the question is "could it have done so?" let me refer the reader to my last column and to the midwestern hogcaller's "su-ee!" an 8,000-year survival of Indo-European *su-, su-i,* the base of our word "swine."

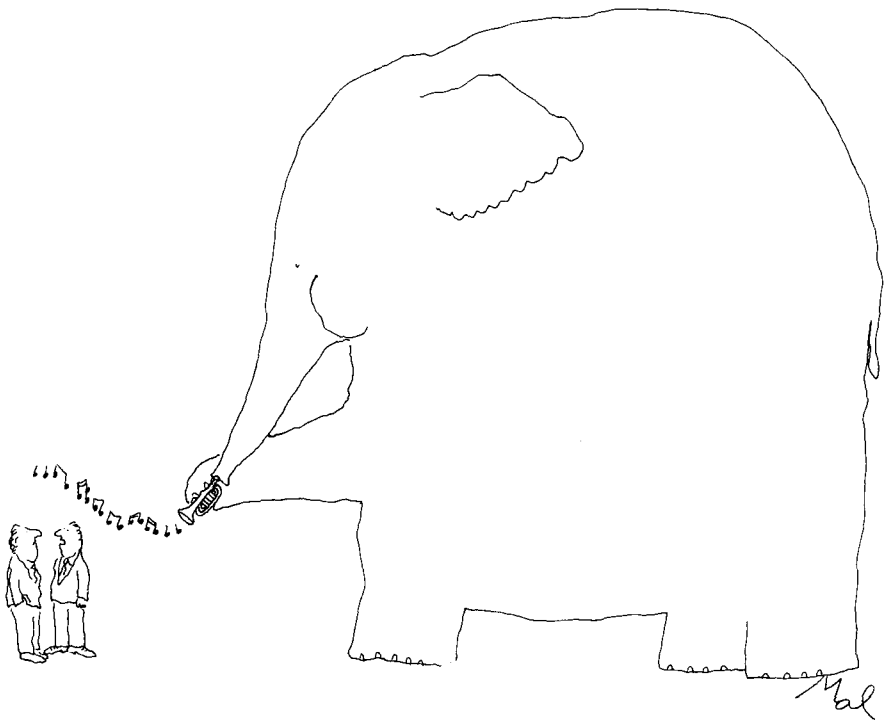
Or let the reader ask the question for himself when he next hears one boy force another to "cry uncle." *Uncle* is, of course, a title of respect, and to utter it is a signal of submission. But the boys will not be able to tell you how they came by that formula, nor will any dictionary I know of.

For that memory I must refer you to Charles Earle Funk's "Heavens to Betsy." (Sorry, the origin of that expression, despite everyone's guess, remains untraced and is, by now, probably untraceable. I suspect it of having spread from some early in-the-family usage similar to my wife's "This house looks like the Frisbees'," meaning "it's a mess.")

Funk points out that the Roman boys' formula of submission was "*Patrue, mi patruissime!*"—"Uncle, my best of uncles!" Generation by generation, it would follow, boys preserved that formula, adapting it to each shift of the language. They did not know they were preserving a tradition. It may be more accurate to say the tradition was preserving itself. Language has its own ways of remembering.

Latin distinguishes between *patrue*, "paternal uncle," and *avunculus*, "maternal uncle." Our word *uncle* is from *avunculus* and subsumes both meanings, but *patrue* had the higher standing in the patrilineal Roman clan or *gens*. *Gens*, with the basic sense, "of our kind," is the root of such English words as *gentry, gentle, genteel, gene, genital,* and *generic*. Oddly, it is also the root of "gentile" (not of our kind). The same reversal has marked "ethnic." Greek *ethnos* meant basically "our people." Yet the Greek Bible translated Hebrew *goyim*, "non-Jew," as *ta ethnè*, "the ethnic," with the sense, "that other kind." English still shows that ambivalence. "My ethnic group" means clearly enough, "our us-ness," but any reference to "ethnic groups" is likely to mean "their their-ness."

So it is with language; just as you are ready to conclude that it has a flawless memory for itself, it forgets. □



"You've heard of elephants trumpeting, but this one really blows it."

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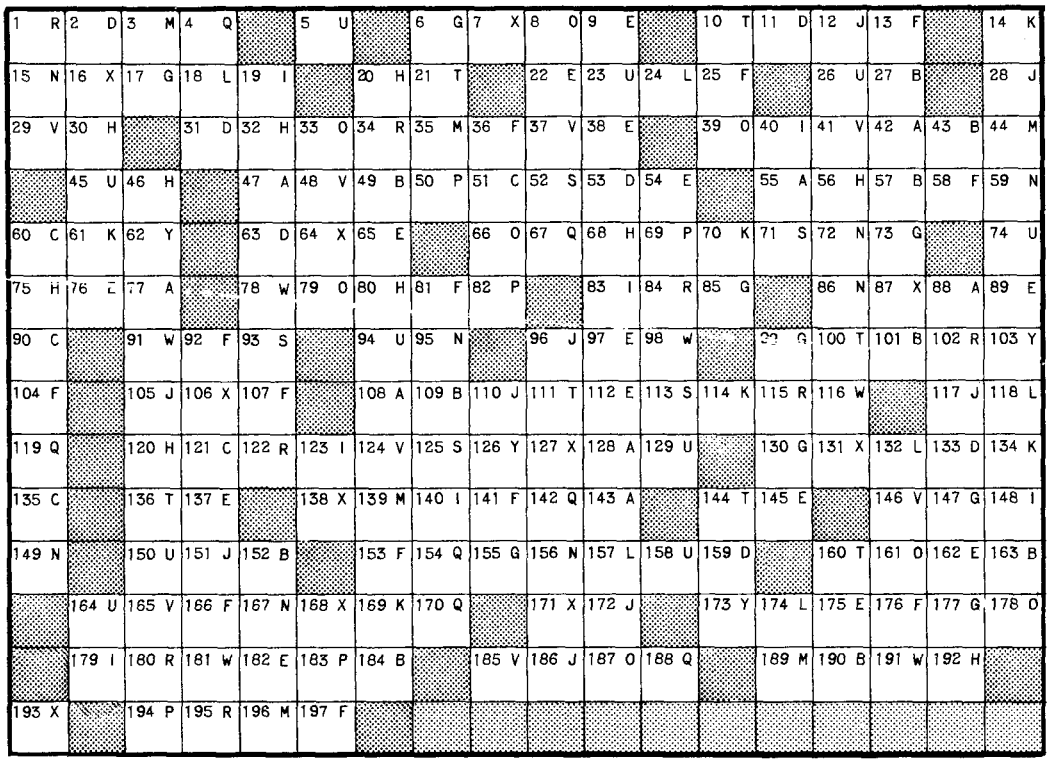
Double-Crostic No. 76

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Aversion	42 47 55 77 88 108 128 143
B. Conflict, battle; pledge; betrothal	152 190 43 57 101 109 163 184 27 49
C. Russian churchman (1605–81) who advocated separation of church and state	51 60 90 121 135
D. Genus of evergreen, ericaceous shrubs or trees	2 11 31 53 63 133 159
E. J. M. Barrie and other writers who wrote homely Scots tales using lots of dialect (2 wds.)	9 22 54 65 145 76 112 182 38 89 97 137 162 175
F. Queen consort of James I of England (3 wds.)	176 58 81 92 141 153 107 197 104 13 25 36 166
G. "That sin which I did shun/A_____, but wallowed in a score" (3 wds.; Donne, "Hymn to God the Father")	73 85 99 130 147 155 177 6 17
H. Regularly affecting, but not destroying, the plants in a given area (of a disease)	30 46 56 75 192 20 32 68 80 120
I. He beat Rosewall for the USLTA championship in 1955	123 140 148 179 19 40 83
J. Tough proposition; headache (2 wds.)	151 186 28 110 172 96 105 117 12
K. Deviating from the regular or proper course	14 70 134 169 61 114
L. North American elk	118 174 18 24 132 157
M. Gaboon	189 3 35 139 196 44
N. Roadster; light carriage	156 167 59 72 86 95 15 149
O. Alloy of about 80 percent copper, 20 percent zinc, with traces of lead and iron (2 wds.)	8 79 66 39 161 178 187 33
P. French impressionist painter (1834–1917)	194 69 183 50 82
Q. Run; work	119 142 154 170 67 188 4
R. Form of jade	122 102 34 84 180 195 1 115
S. Viceroy or deputy governor under the former Mogul empire in India	125 113 71 93 52
T. Kooky, eccentric	21 160 10 144 100 111 136
U. English conspirator (1649–1705), inventor of the Popish Plot (full name)	150 45 94 164 23 26 5 74 158 129
V. Genus of malvaceous herbs, shrubs, trees	29 41 146 124 48 185 37 165
W. River of the central Netherlands flowing north to a lake of the same name	181 78 91 116 98 191
X. Primitive man; dull-witted person	106 138 7 127 168 131 16 171 64 193 87
Y. A token of challenge; plum	62 103 173 126

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 75* appears on page 20.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Cheesing, Tuliping, Springing, Falling, etc.

Laurence Urdang, in the February 1975 issue of *Verbatim*, takes some good shots at television commercials. In case you're not familiar with *Verbatim*, it's subtitled "The Language Quarterly," and, if you're a logophile, interested in the idiosyncrasies of language, and loving words for their own sake, it's an excellent investment at $2.50 per year. The address is *Verbatim*, Essex, Conn. 06426.

As I was saying, Mr. Urdang, who is that journal's editor, has some well-chosen, scathing words about TV commercials in general and some of them in particular, saying that television "uses (and misuses) language to effectuate its message. The misuse is often just plain lying." Among many other things, he poses questions I'm sure many of us have thought about while listening to Euell Gibbons: "How many of you have ever *seen* a wild hickory nut, much less tasted one? And if you have tasted one, are they any good?"

To be fair, I must admit that I think some excellent commercials appear on television—or at least they used to—notably some of those for Volkswagen and Alka-Seltzer ("that's-a some spicy meatball" was my favorite) and probably all the ones written and directed by Stan Freberg for Chun King foods and Jeno's Pizza Rolls.

On the other hand, some TV commercials are so banal, so stupid, so irritating, that I should think millions of potential customers would avoid the sponsors' products just as a form of protest. It's a very depressing thought—to me, at least—that toilet paper is actually sold by such commercials as the one in which a patronizing harridan explains to her poor, stupid husband, "It's the *cush*, Harry."

There's one brand of coffee I'll never buy, just because of the dreadful scenes its commercials inflicted on us. Evidently, viewers complained, because for the past year or so the commercials have been considerably less abrasive.

I'm not sure it's been more than a regional irritant. There were many versions, but they all followed the same plot structure. For those of you fortunate enough to have missed it, a simpering slavey of a wife pokes her head into frame and announces to her assembled guests that the coffee's ready. Her swine of a husband says, "*Yech*! You don't want Gloria's coffee! I'd rather drink varnish remover!" Then the mewling little housewife turns to a ubiquitous Swedish lady and, instead of saying, "That rat! Do you know a good lawyer?" sobs, "Gosh, how can I get Barney to like my coffee?"

As I said, that little vignette of domestic hell has recently been ameliorated somewhat, but those years of seeing all those rotten couples built up such an animus in me that even if the Swedish lady knocked on our kitchen door and personally convinced me that her sponsor's coffee was the world's best for the least money, I couldn't bring myself to buy it.

I can't believe that the sponsor went for all those years paying for commercials which were losing him customers; so obviously my view is a minority one. (I also supported McGovern.)

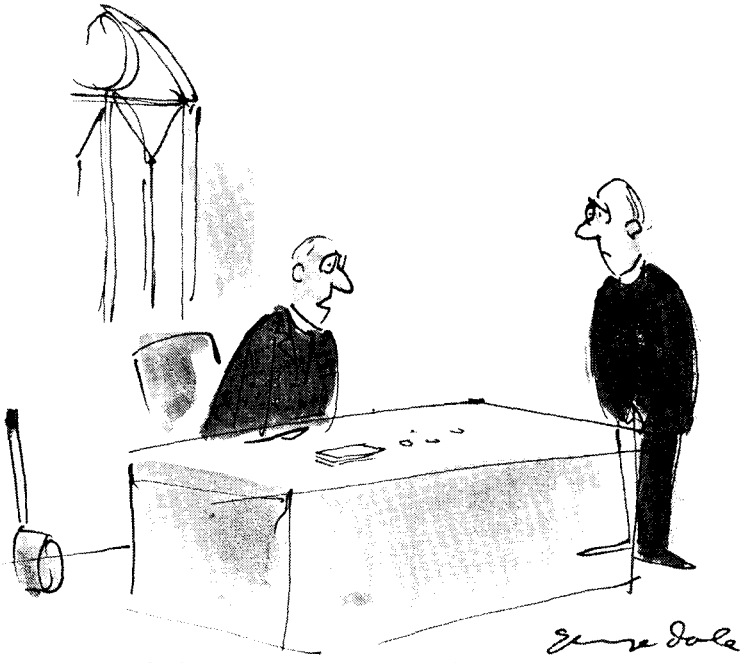
Marshall Best, of Viking Books, wrote to tell me that he's seen on television a KLM commercial that has some very peculiar verbs. I haven't seen the commercial in question. Perhaps KLM doesn't advertise much out here on the West Coast. Anyway, according to Mr. Best, KLM wants to soothe you and peaceful you and canal you and cheese you and tulip you. Personally, I'd never object to being soothed. I've never been peacefuled, but it sounds okay. As for canalling, it sounds like complicated and painful dentistry or some other kind of surgery, but I'm sure it isn't in the KLM version. Again, I haven't seen it.

I love the idea of being cheesed and tuliped, though. I hope it's a super-friendly form of tarring and feathering—great fun while it lasts and requiring a bizarre bacchanalian washup afterward.

If KLM offers a genuine cheese-and-tuliping with the tourist fare, I'll go along. In fact, I'd even spring for first class, if necessary.

Speaking of springing—and of making verbs of nouns—Ron Applegate, of Los Angeles, points out that while you can winter in Palm Beach and summer in Newport, *springing* and *falling* have entirely different connotations. In fact, he says, preparatory to falling in London this year, he and his wife have increased their accident insurance.

Thanks. I needed that. □



"I wish there was something in the Ten Commandments about contributing to the church."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 45): rouged, rogued, drogue, gourde.

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 36* (see page 50): The universe is like a safe to which there is a combination—but the combination is locked up in the safe. Peter DeVries

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(**Letters:** *continued from page 7.*)
ing the taking of officially designated "Continental Shelf Fisheries Resources," which include the American lobster, several kinds of crabs, some sponges, and some kinds of clams, among other creatures. . . . Bottom trawling, *per se*, continues.

Also, to elaborate upon Mr. Quigg's point of "fish farming": while the National Marine Fisheries Service is very much interested in aquaculture, or fish farming, and have active research programs for its development, they do not envision that "fish farming on a massive scale" will come to pass in the near future, at least for the next 10 or 20 years.

Jack W. Gehringer
Washington, D.C.

History Revised

I have just read Robert Byrnes's review of *Roosevelt and Churchill* ("A Dialogue Between Olympians," April 5), and I am puzzled by the reviewer's chiding of the Cold War revisionists for not reading the Soviet record, when he means only that they have not read it in the way that he has. And I am pleased to find that Professor Byrnes then agrees with many revisionists that Stalin had a "narrow concern" with Eastern Europe and, presumably, was not threatening Western Europe militarily—precisely the point that many revisionists have been advancing for about a decade. Perhaps the reviewer should have explained why the United States was not ready to go to war in 1939–41 to save Eastern Europe from Hitler but concluded by 1945 that this area was part of America's vital interest and that Soviet influence there should be halted and, if possible, rolled back.

Professor Byrnes subscribes to the popular, but dubious, notion that Roosevelt was naive about international politics, about power, and about the importance of military strength. . . . The FDR record indicates that he was astute about power, that he carefully husbanded his options for future atomic diplomacy against the Soviets, and that he adopted this policy without the need for any cajoling or coercion from Churchill. Moreover, even though Roosevelt endorsed the United Nations, he never surrendered his faith in big-power politics, and he understood that the Anglo-American entente, when armed with the atomic bomb, would be the most powerful "policeman" in the world. . . .

Barton Bernstein
Stanford, Calif.

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